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THE OPTIMIST

Photo by G. T. Jones and Co.



READY FOR THE DANCE

Photo by Lallie Garett-Charles

The Manly Heart: In Sections

WRITTEN BY W. F. SHANNON. ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. HARTRICK

I.

O, my love, my love is young.

"WHERE y'bin this two nights, Jim?" asked a bluejacket of his messmate, Twelves.

"In love, my young friend."

"No, Jim, not that?"

"Alas, yea, Malachi. No more will you observe me at the 'Antigallican.' I'm born agin, and all on for ginger-beer."

"This is very sudden, Jim. Are you positive certain you ain't labourin' under a delusion? Spread out your proofs; expatriate your reasons."

"Behold, Malachi, I found myself one forenoon, very early, strikin' me pipe agin the wall and suckin' me match-box——"

"I've knowed you to do similar things in the evenin', very late, Jim. But you wasn't in love then."

"No; I've thought about that. There is a certain simultaneousness between the reflects of too much whisky on a man and love in its early stages."

"Love in its *very* early stages that must be, Jim. But you'll recover from that in a day or two. It's like an influential cold, exasperatin' and overwhelmin' while it lasts, but soon gone, and gone for ever."

"Malachi, if you scawf like that I must evacuate this mess-stool, or else you must."

"I'm not scawfin', James. I'm philosophisin'."

"Well, then, don't. Keep it for toothache and funerals, and not for love. Mal, she's the most blindin'ly perfect girl ever made."

"I agree with you, Jim."

"Do you know her, then?"

"Not that particular her. But I'm

aware of the feelin's in these epidemics. I've had 'em."

"There you are agin! I'll heave a bread-barge at you in a minit. I'm not talking like ordinary sellers. When they're in love they imagine their gels is Fair Helens and Maid Marians all in one. But I ain't lost my judgment, so you needn't think it."

"I don't think you can speak positive about that, Jim. See what a dinky little thing it 'ud be to lose, in your case. You wouldn't miss it."

"Malachi, I ain't speakin' wild, like other men, when I say my girl is the loveliest in all the whole world. Besides, one of these days you can see her and prove it for yourself and give your own candid opinion. But in her favour, mind, because I tell ye beforehand, chum, I don't want no fault-fandin'. Not that you could find any."

"And all this power of argument in two days," mused Malachi. "She's a fresh acquaintance, I s'pose, Jim?"

"There's no doubt; fresh as a daisy. One stroke of her glance done it, Mal. Sich eyes."

"Yes, I like that colour," agreed Malachi.

"What colour?"

"Jim, you're as fretful as a staff-commander. The colour of her eyes? The colour you said."

"I never said; you're playin' about agin. Why, I don't know it myself. When you're in love you don't see anything clear, let alone eyes."

"What, not with a calm judgment like yours, Jim?"

"Calm? I ain't calm; I'm red-hot. But whatever colours she sails under, that's all one and all right, and there's no deviation about that, Malachi."

"So you've near settled, then, Jim?"

"Jes' so. Every night when I'm ashore you will find me strollin' along the parade or round the castle wid her."

"That's on account of this cussed hot messdeck."

"Yes, I should surmise that was it. I'm ketchin' one myself. And have you made any progress in the home these two days, Jim? Talked with pa and ma, eh? You're express in love, I can see. Eighty mile an hour you go."

"I *have* got as fur as the home, Mal. There's no ma, and I ain't in love wid pa. He seems to be a sort of a kind of a bushbaptist and general strikerdown, wid boatloads of theories. I was in private clo'es and was most careful to keep to wind'ard of the old man; and when he lammed off about taxes, and how he was agin armaments and navies, I said they sutt'nly ought to be abolished. Then he said he was a peaceful trader, and that peaceful traders was the greatest benefactors the world had ever seen. And I said it was so, and that my soleist wish was to be a peaceful trader myself, and sell things, and put the money in a bank. And as he was a grocer, I went on to say that the grandest sort of peaceful tradin' was to consider the poor and let 'em have pear-drops and

milky-biscuits dirt cheap and as a favour. But then she caught my eye, and she was frownin', so I stopped.

"But he had a fur-off look in his eye, like the parzon when he's warnin' us unoffensive bluejackets agin hell-fire, and he says, 'And don't you believe in food for all, and —'

"'You bet,' I said hearty. 'And drink.'



"'I AIN'T SPEAKIN WILD'"

"I shouldn't overdo it, Jim; especially on these snowy nights."

"Snow is nothing to a bluejacket in love, boy-o, nor rain, nor hail, nor frost. On the freezin'est night in winter, wid her alongside, them painted iron seats by the seashore will be kings' thrones, all velvet and gold, and nobly warm."

"But you seem to have a cold awready, Jim?"

"And work for all?' he went on, still wid his eye on the extremest horizon.

"Well,' says I, 'I wouldn't go so fur as that. I'd sooner have rest for all, by a long chalk. Why can't we let the bosky, boundin' earth bring forth corn and wine of its own accord, and sit by and smoke in the interval, and strike down a few pots ——,' and then I seed her eye on me agin, so I finished off wid, 'condensed water from the mighty ocean.'

"I wanted to sheer off then, but he started on the eight-hour quiff and overtime, so I said, speakin' short, that I ain't troubled wid overtime. My hours is twenty-four per day, and it's a bloomin' good job the days ain't longer.

"Then I hauled off, and he remarked about 'Rude and riband youth, given over to unthought and all the devils,' and the girl said I mustn't annoy pa. But I could put up wid forty fathers rather than give up her, Malachi."

"Good on ye, Jim. Why, gettin' on the right side of the old man like that, you're as good as married. We'll drink your very good health at the 'Antigallican' this night and for evermore, till you come agin."

"I shall never come agin, Malachi."

"Well, you're in a thunderin' bad way, Jim, that's all I can say." And Malachi deftly dodged a basin and retired to the upper deck.

II.

What care I how fair she be,
If she be not fair to me?

I HEARD of Jim's aspirations after the higher life, and when I casually met him a day or two after this conversation, I was surprised to find him alone and unhappy.

"Why so pale and wan, fond lover?"

He looked at me vacantly, and spat in the roadway. "It wouldn't a-bin so bad if it a-bin a *blue* marine," he said; "but a *red* marine!"

"Why, Jim, what is it?"

"An insec', that's what it is! A crawlin' leather-neck! A bullock! And now it's got a dungaree-coloured eye. Why is there sich things-as marines?"

"Soldier and sailor too,' Jim."

"Sailor! By the seven seas, *sailor*! He don't even carve his meat like we do in the Navy. He's a double-intender, that's what he is, and why we carries him is because he was a blackleg in the Spithead mut'ny. He gets favoured by the Adm'alty, and the gels, and every-one."

"Not by your girl, Jim, surely?"

"Las' night, my turn aboard. She knows it. I git ashore though, and call round. Find a marine there, a red marine. She says, jist as I'm chuckin' him through the winder, that he's on'y called for some groceries, and besides, he's her cousin. But I can't go back no more to a gel like that, wid cousins, can I?"

"You seem to have been hasty, Jim."

"Don't you think there's anythink in it then? I'm not used to bein' in love. Would you call agin if you was me?"

"Certainly, if I were in earnest."

"Well I will then, this very night."

He did, and next day Malachi told me he and the marine were in Haslar Hospital.

"Duel?" I asked.

"No. Fire. It appears that about eight las' night he called round and the old man wouldn't let him in. He reckoned that was because of the marine, but he come away quiet, and dropped in to the "Antigallican." We pulled his leg a bit about bein' dished by a red marine, but he didn't take much notice.

"He didn't strike down much bubbly either, on'y a hoop or two. But about ten o'clock he says, in that funeral tone of his'n, 'Malachi,' says he, 'should you think they'd miss one red marine among so many?'

"I should, Jim,' I says.

"What, all dressed alike?' he says, 'and all wearin' regulation boots and mustashes?'

"Certainly."

"And 6,000 noo'uns joinin' very soon, too?"

"Look here, Jim,' I said, 'you best chuck the young lady, and live in a Christian frame of mind, like you used.'

"I shall entice him up to the foot-fields by the scruff of his neck,' said



"'UP WID HER,' SAID JIM"

Jim, 'and lay the facts before him. Either he hauls off prompt and graceful, or else I deposit his remains on a dirt-heap.'

"So he started out, and we followed fur off. We found the grocery business burnin' and the street full of people,

lookin' at the girl, alone in an upper winder; and there was no engine or escape there yet. Jim had whipped off his boots, and was jist startin' up the water-pipe. But it was too fur from the winder, so, after pausin' a minit, he went on to the roof and dug up the slates

like mad. He very soon made a hole and dropped out of sight.

"And then the marine came. He had not bin with the girl after all, for the old man said he was agin fightin' men, and barred him out as well as Jim. The marine had got a ladder, and we helped him to fix it, but the flames spurted out and licked round it. But the marine didn't care. He undone that nice little military cap of his, what serves to keep the sun off by day and to sleep in at night, and let it down over his neck so as to keep out the sparks, and then shinned up the ladder in double-quick time. Jist as he got in the winder, Jim had bashed in the ceilin'.

"Up wid her," said Jim. And, because the ladder was burnt, the marine done it, and Jim took the girl to safety along the roofs, and then went back for the marine, which was rather a surprisin' evolution, considerin' the way he'd talked about abolishin' that chap. But jist as he was lendin' him a hand the smoke choked him, and he fell through into the room and hurt hissself bad.

"The escape was there by then, and very soon was screwed up to the winder. But because of the flames no one could git up. So the marine hoisted Jim on his shoulders, all unsensible as he was, and slid through the fire with him, jist in time before the upper floor fell through. And they was both wheeled off to the hospital, burnt all over."

"And the girl?" I asked.

"A fraud. She's all right."

III.

But my kisses bring again, bring again.

I WENT to see Jim at Haslar in a day or two, and found him swathed in cotton-wool, as was the marine, a few beds away.

"My 'ated rival," said Jim cheerfully nodding towards him. "But I'm scratched," he added, with a touch of melancholy, "I ain't in the runnin'."

"But the marine was shut out too, so she won't have either of you," I said.

"You're in error. She'd have both of us if the law was wid her. And she cries all day long because her pa won't let her have even one of us. He says

he's off warlike men. But she herself is dead nuts on them sort of men. Still, she've wrote to say she loves the red marine best out of us two. Marines is always favoured, and bluejackets is always left. Never mind, there's other gels."

"Yes, of course," I began, and was about to quote a stale proverb. Jim saw it coming, and fiercely interjected: "But none like her, so don't you commit yourself. I don't mind philosophisin' on myself, but I shan't be able to stand you or Malachi, so I tell ye. But why she went from the marine to me, and liked him best all the time, I cannot tell. It's one of the mysteries of her sect, I s'pose."

"Her name's Anemone, isn't it, Jim?"

"Yes. But what's that got to do wid it?"

"Nothing, nothing," I said.

IV.

Anemones, windflowers.

SOME weeks afterwards I met Jim in the main street of Pompey, whole and sound.

"Come wid us," he commanded, and then dragged me along with him.

"You're off the list then, Jim?"

"Yes. So's the marine. There he is, look!"

I looked ahead and saw the red marine hurrying along with Anemone.

"What's in the wind, Jim?" said I.

"Cuttin'-out expedition. I'm the rareguard."

"Is Malachi in advance?"

"No. He wouldn't take a deal in this. He's very changeable. Now you know yourself how he was dead agin my marryin', don't ye?"

"He certainly was."

"Very well then, you'd think he'd be glad now it's the red marine and not me. But no, he's still dissatisfied; and when I proposed for him to help in this abduction he busted off into the most outrageous langwidge about marines. Why, they're the most magnificent corps that ever was, all globes and laurels and glory."

"No," says he; 'I'll help any blue-

jacket to abduct, but a red marine can cussed well do his own abductions.'

"I told him this was a special case, and this particular sea-soldier had saved me from bein' baked.

"Well, you went to save him as well,' says he.

could do. And I can't see what her name's got to do wid it."

"It's a very beautiful name," I ventured to say.

"That's what I told him, and he says it means blown by all the four winds of heaven. Heaven I grant, but blown I deny. I gave her up of my own free will. But I wish there was another girl jist like her, don't you? I mean do you think there is?"

"I should say——"

"Well, you needn't. I know there ain't. I shall die a single man. But I don't feel very brash. Every now and agin I feel as if I wish I was a marine."

"Why was it necessary to hurry it through like this, Jim? Why abduct?"

"The old man wanted Anenomy to join up wid a grocer's mate—a reg'lar bundle of impediments: so me and the marine went to church as soon as we could to learn up the instructions about weddin's. But these parzons are a hard lot if they find you're anxious.

"Five bob plain,' says one, 'and if you want a merry peal and full chorus half-a-dollar extry.'

"So we closed wid that at last. Hillo, there

they go inside. The old man thinks she's jist gone to the drapery bazaar. He'll be surprised; so will the crooked little grocer's mate. But surprises and experiences makes the world go round, don't they? Come on in."

So Anemone married the red marine, and Jim Twelves went away for three years to forget his love in routine and in the African wars.



"THERE HE IS, LOOK!"

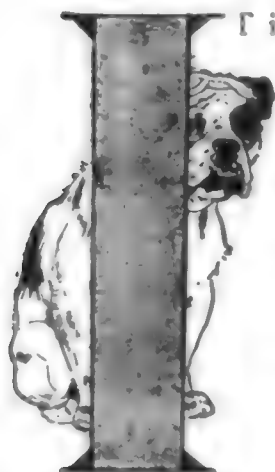
"Yes, but the girl prefers him,' says I.

"That's bluff,' says Malachi. 'A bluejacket didn't ought to haul off for a marine. That red marine bluffed her into sayin' that, and you could easy persuade her to contradict it. Her name's Anenomy.'

"So I had to tell him I wasn't goin' to marry jist as a matter of doin' someone's baulk and showin' what the Navy

A Chat about China

WRITTEN BY H. ESTELLE MILLS. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



I is three o'clock when I arrive at the Chinese Legation and ring the bell. An English servant opens the door and conducts me to a great bare-looking reception room, carpeted in very dark green, and furnished with some ordinary stuffed chairs and a plain round table in the centre. I look about, as my card is being taken upstairs, but find nothing to interest me save a Chinese newspaper, which looks as though the type had been run through a mincing machine before the paper was printed. This (as I learn afterwards) is a copy of the *Singapore Report*, and I turn it inside out and find several advertisements in English of Piper Heidsieck, Guinness's Immortal Stout, Ayres's Pills, and somebody's Sarsaparilla—all of which is very satisfying, and makes me feel very much at home—it is like encountering old friends in a strange land, and I read the advertisements from start to finish.

The door opens to admit the Secretary of Legation, Mr. T. Y. Lo. He is a man of magnificent physique, standing over six feet in height, and dressed in the plain black cloth gown, round cap, and peculiar shoes that form the regulation dress of gentlemen in China. He speaks English in a low, musical voice, choosing his words deliberately, and expressing himself in a manner that leaves no doubt as to his comprehension of the language. His manner, too, is charming and graceful, discreet and diplomatic. In a few well-chosen words he throws a little light on the previous

career of the present Minister—it will help me, perhaps, when his Excellency receives me. His chief has had a most distinguished career: he has served as First Secretary for Foreign Affairs under Viceroy Li Hung Chang, this was in 1881; in 1885 he was appointed First Secretary to the Peace Mission to Shimouseki; in 1896 he was appointed First Secretary to Li Hung Chang's Special Embassy to Russia, Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium, France, the United States of America, and England. In August of the same year his services were recognised by the Sovereign of Great Britain, and he was made an Honorary Knight Commander of the Victorian Order. The following November found Sir Chihchen Lofengluh appointed by the Emperor of China as his Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James. His Majesty the Emperor received Sir Chihchen three times before his departure from Peking. Where was he educated? In Foochow, where he was born. In his seventeenth year, having finished his studies of Chinese literature, and showing a strong inclination for philology and mathematics, he was sent by his father—a retired military officer—to the Naval School at Pagoda Anchorage.

"Here he greatly distinguished himself," says Mr. T. Y. Lo, "especially in the studies of nautical astronomy and the European languages, and he was always first in his examinations. From here he went to Europe to complete his Western education, and he worked a year at King's College in the Strand; after this he became attached to Kuo Suntatao's mission in England. In 1879 he was transferred to the Chinese Legation in Berlin. This was the beginning of his diplomatic career."



THE CHINESE LEGATION

Photo by Bolas and Co.

His Excellency is a great admirer of Darwin and Herbert Spencer, Mr. Lo tells me.

"For his progressive views his Excellency was strongly attacked by the great censor, Wen Tingsih, but the attack has evidently not produced the effect it was designed to accomplish," he added, significantly. "And besides his successful diplomatic career his Excellency has

translated into Chinese and published the work *Jean's Problems on Nautical Astronomy*, and written pamphlets on the *Indeterminate Equations in Algebra*."

After this the Secretary conducts me upstairs to the drawing-room, where I am again left to my meditations. There are gold chairs here with crimson cushions, luxurious Chesterfield couches, black mahogany tables, and an Axmin-

ster carpet that is thick and soft to the feet. But with few exceptions the room is English, lamentably English, from the pile of *Pepy's Diaries* on the table to the brass lamps and curtains. The exceptions are some Chinese embroidered banners and enamelled vases which are placed on brackets along the wall. The workmanship of the banners is truly wonderful—birds with fantastic tails that would put the peacock to shame; Chinese ladies gathering water lilies and flowers that throw green asters and yellow carnations into the ranks of the commonplace; ferns growing out of pots—that is, silk ferns growing out of silk pots, and silk pots standing on silk tables, and dragons with long sinuous bodies and horns that would serve admirably as an "example" for the lecturer on the evils of intemperance. They are wonderful, and as studying the banners in detail was impossible and time limited, I have asked Mr. Artist to reproduce them. The originals are about four feet long, and the rainbow isn't to be compared with them for gay colouring. Chinese art seems to be all arts combined, for the Chinese are masters of the art of making colours, though the blending of the same is another story. There are the warm browns, deep reds and grey-blues that have been so much favoured by Italian masters; there are vivid greens, bright yellows, and heliotrope that blends itself into pink and fades into pale blue, and—

The folding doors are flung wide open; a servant in black, with hair done into a braided knot at the top of his head, steps aside and doubles himself up like a pair of compasses as the Minister, gorgeous in bright blue silk gown studded with brass buttons, light green velvet leggings and a vest of bronze plush, enters the room. He is closely followed by Mr. T. Y. Lo, who formally introduces me. His Excellency shakes hands, passes the usual compliments and gives me a chair. The servant closes the doors, going out with a peculiar scuffling step that reminds me of an old groom's comment on the pace of a favourite filly. "It be'n't a canter and it ain't a trot—it's a sort of a kind of a shoofle."

His Excellency is not so tall as Mr. Lo, but he has the same well-modulated voice, the same deliberate manner of speaking, the same easy familiarity with the English language. I am sure that nothing escapes his keen black eyes, and



MR. T. Y. LO
Photo by Boies and Co.

his face, save when he smiles, is as impassive as diplomat could desire. True his Excellency has a charming and a courtly smile, but there is a noncommittal flavour in his conversation that forbids other than undiplomatic questions—and I may add that I am not addicted to tilting my head against a brick wall.

"Are you the lady who interviewed

my old chief, Li Hung Chang?" his Excellency asks. "No? Do Chinese ladies ever do press work? Not yet, but all in good time: they will arrive at that as they have arrived at other things. And let me say here, not for courtesy but from my own conviction, that I have



HIS EXCELLENCY SIR CHIHCHEN LOFENGLUI
Photo by Bolas and Co.

a very high opinion of the ladies of this country—they are very able. I meet a great many at social functions—which are very nice and very fatiguing—and I make acquaintances who in time become friends. I want to make many friends here, and I mean to do all that I can to bring this about. I fear my predecessor did not sufficiently cultivate the friendship of the people. This furniture—to which I fell heir in the natural course of events—does not please my guests: they

would be far more interested in things Chinese, and to interest and to please one's guests is worth while, is it not? I shall soon change all this and endeavour to make it pleasant for my visitors."

"Your Excellency speaks of Chinese ladies imitating the English—that means that you hold progressive views for China?"

"Decidedly. We have much to learn from Europe. The adoption of European industries, for instance, is greatly on the increase, and I believe that a free commercial interchange is only a question of time."

"Do you mean that you are in favour of Free Trade for your country?"

"I am and I am not," his Excellency answers. "I am in favour of Free Trade in one sense but not in the other. It is my belief that in all countries where agricultural interests are predominant, a certain amount of Protection should exist; that in all countries where industrial pursuits are the chief occupation of the people, Free Trade should exist. A country that exports raw materials is more prosperous under Protection. We are an agricultural country in China and we export raw materials; and this is why I think we should follow these political principles, by having certain rules for the taxing of exports and imports. But at present we are not doing this."

"Why not?"

"It is the fault of the mandarindum, not the fault of his Majesty, nor yet of the people themselves; it is the fault of the mandarindum, the class of people between the Emperor and the people—no, not the nobility, for we have no nobility in China: we are the most democratic country in the world; the son of a farmer or small tradesman can raise himself to the top of the political ladder, providing he has the ability to do so. At the same time the class I refer to corresponds to the nobility, for they are the ruling class."

"I understand your Excellency is a great admirer of Herbert Spencer?"

"Yes, and I believe he has had a great influence on our Chinese literature. You must know that evolution was propounded in China a long time ago. In

fact, Laotz, who was a contemporary of Confucius, was the first to set forth its doctrines. Two of Spencer's works, *The First Principles* and *On Education*, are specially read in China. In the first Herbert Spencer says that there are only three main forms of belief: (1) Theism, which is a belief in God; (2) Atheism, which is a belief in no God; and (3) Pantheism, which believes man to be a

able—in other words, that the more you know the more you realise how much there is that you don't know."

"And Darwin?"

"We find the most precious gems in Darwin's works. To us his books are a diamond-mine. I don't mean that everything turned out from a diamond-mine is necessarily a diamond; still, there are gems, and we are thankful for them.



"LAMENTABLY ENGLISH"

Photo by Holas and Co.

part of God. Now we have three forms of religion in China which correspond to these three forms of belief. (1) Confucius—Theistic; (2) Taoism, Atheistic, because the Taoists claim that Nature is God; and (3) Buddhism, which corresponds to Pantheism—for the Buddhist believes himself a part of God. Again let me say that Spencer's essay on the Unknowable is very popular in China, because he propounds the doctrine that the horizon of the unknowable extends simultaneously with that of the know-

But we have also a Chinese philosopher who corresponds with Darwin. He is Wei Peh Yang, and he wrote a treatise on three subjects—astronomy, chemistry, and the science of health—saying that knowledge could (1) only be obtained by observation, (2) by experiment, and (3) by the combination of both. Now, Darwin is a philosopher of the third class, because all of his knowledge is derived from observing Nature under the influence of humankind or under the interference of some other natural power."



PANEL BANNERS

Photo by Bolas and Co.

Speaking a little later on, with reference to the introduction of railways into China, his Excellency says:

"Li Hung Chang is a great advocate of the introduction of railways into China, and consequently a great advocate of the British Alliance. The railways will not only serve as arteries to feed the interior of the great empire (China) with foreign manufactures, but will also create commerce both in raw

materials and native manufactured goods for export. I think that England only requires fair play and asks no favours, as 80 per cent. of the amount of trade in the Far East is in English hands. So, after the Chinese, the English will be most benefited by the introduction of a railway system into China. As there is a surplus of capital in England, so there is a surplus of labour in China, and I hope the amalgamation of the two will

produce most beneficial results to both countries."

"Changing the subject again, will your Excellency tell me why so few Chinese books are translated into the English language?"

"Because it is so difficult. It is far easier to translate English into Chinese than to translate Chinese into English; and in the case of our native poetry this is altogether impossible, even for a scholar—too much of the sense and delicacy is lost in the process, and the translation is a thing quite apart from the original. . . . I am very fond of reading. Do you like Emerson? I do; he has such a very light way of expressing heavy thoughts that one never grows fatigued with the reading of his works. I read the whole of them in travelling between Vancouver and Yokohama. Between Yokohama and Shanghai I read Holmes's works. How much better educated the world would be if all heavy works had been written by these two gentlemen!"

"Now about King's College. You were a pupil there, were you not?"

"Yes, I studied and attended lectures there on political economy, chemistry and natural philosophy. But that was a long time ago, when Professor Bloxam was the professor of chemistry. I found the study of abstract sciences not so exact unless compared with experimental sciences, and this is why I devoted so much time to chemistry and physics—not so much for their intrinsic value as for their comparative value."

I must add, in conclusion, that as his Excellency is still in the early prime of his years, he may be able to accomplish a great deal towards furthering the intercourse between England and China to their mutual advantage. With his rare knowledge, his charm of manner, and his experience in matters diplomatic, it ought not to be a difficult matter for his Excellency to become exceedingly popular in this country. And as he has expressed an earnest wish "to become acquainted and make

friends with the English people," I have no doubt that popularity in its best sense will follow.



THE LADIES AND THE LILIES
Photo by Bolas and Co.



WRITTEN BY HENRY MARTLEY. ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIG

I FOUND Georgie sitting on the grass by the pond at the end of the garden. She was engaged in shaking one of her retriever puppies vigorously and with an anxious face.

"What has Monty been doing?" I inquired.

"He's eaten a newt," she answered, "and I don't think it's quite agreed with him."

"I wish you'd give up keeping a pond aquarium," I said, "or else put it somewhere else than in buckets just outside the house. I broke my shins against one of them last night, and there were at least four newts about the dining-room this morning."

"That's just it," Georgie explained; "I was trying to teach Monty and Carlo to retrieve them. Carlo will chew them and Monty swallows them."

Monty just then sighted Carlo in pursuit of a bee, and wriggled off to join him.

"He seems better," Georgie remarked with a sigh of relief, and stretched herself out on the grass.

"Uncle Richard," she inquired, after a pause, "why, if I caught a newt, would it be a small one?"

"Because there aren't any large ones,"

I suggested cautiously. Georgie is addicted to asinine catches.

"O, that's silly, Uncle Richard," she answered. "This is a riddle—a real riddle."

"You're sure?" I asked.

"It's a very good riddle," she said; "I made it myself. Please try to guess it. It's got an answer."

"I'll think," I replied. "Because," I said, triumphantly, after a moment or two's reflection, "it would be minute."

"O, no," Georgie said, gravely; "if I caught it it would be mine."

"But what is the answer?"

"Well, that is the answer—if I said it," she explained.

"It's simply idiotic," I observed, with some exasperation.

"It's the best riddle that was ever made," she remarked, triumphantly. "No one can guess it, even when they know the answer. I shall have fun with it next term. It will make old Floppy angry."

Old Floppy is Miss Arbuthnot, Georgie's schoolmistress.

"That, of course," I observed, "is the highest possible tribute to genius."

"Uncle Richard," she began after another pause, "have you ever been in love?"

"One of those foolish questions," I said severely, "is quite enough for a morning."

"O, but this isn't a riddle," she said. "I wanted to know."

"May I ask why?" I inquired.

"I just wanted to know," she answered. "I've been investigating that kind of thing lately."

"Indeed," I said. "I should have thought myself that you were a little young for it."

"O, I'm not a bit too young. I haven't been in love," she answered, "but, of course, I've often been engaged."

"Of course," I said. "May I ask who those fortunate gentlemen were?"

"You see," she explained, "there's a boys' school in the town where our school is, and when you like a boy you get engaged to him."

"Do you?" I remarked in astonishment. "It sounds delightfully simple."

"Perhaps you wouldn't really call it being engaged," she went on. "He just sends you notes and things, and you send him notes and things, and then, if you're tired of him, you change him for somebody else."

"The child is mother of the woman," I murmured. "Does Miss Arbuthnot countenance these proceedings?"

"Of course not," she answered. "Sometimes she finds out, and then there's an awful row."

"May I ask how you arrange these affairs, then?" I inquired.

"It's rather difficult," she admitted, "but, you see, the boys go to the same gymnasium and the same church that we do, and that's the way we manage it generally. If a boy puts a buttonhole in your locker with his name on it, and you wear it in church, then you're engaged to him, and he may write to you."

"Do you never speak to each other?" I asked.

"Not very often," Georgie admitted regretfully. "Of course, sometimes you can, but it's rather hard. I once pretended that you'd come down to see me, and stayed out quite a long time."

"Georgiana!" I exclaimed.

"He was the captain of the eleven,"

Georgie remarked, as if that explained everything. "You see, most of the girls get engaged because the boy's got curly hair, or something of that kind. That's very silly, isn't it?"

"Very," I agreed. "You perhaps choose them because of their intellectual capacity?"

"Of course not," she said. "I choose them because they're good at games. In the summer term I used to get engaged every week to the boy that made the most runs in their matches. He used to leave the score in my locker with a buttonhole."

"Rather rough on the bowlers," I suggested.

"O! the best bowler had one week in three," she replied. "That was all right."

"It seems to me all wrong," I said; "but never mind. What do you do in the football terms?"

"I don't quite know what to do this year," Georgie said ruefully. "Last year I tried being engaged to the boy who got most tries; but the captain wrote to say that I was ruining the combination of the team. He was a forward, you see."

"Ah! that explains it," I said.

"But I believe it was true," she added. "What would you advise me to do?"

"Try the captain as a permanency," I suggested.

"But he squints," she said.

"Well, you must get out of the difficulty somehow," I answered. "I should only advise you to stick to your rule about not falling in love."

"O! I'm not so silly as that," she replied scornfully. "I wasn't thinking of doing it myself when I asked you."

"Why does the subject interest you, then?" I inquired.

"Only because the Lloyds are such fools," she explained; "I've had a lot of trouble with them."

"Indeed?" I said. "I'm sorry to hear that. What is the matter with them?"

The Lloyds, I may explain, are a devoted young couple who have recently married and taken a house near the village. Georgie contracted a romantic admiration for Mrs. Lloyd before she

married, and looks on Mr. Lloyd as an impertinent intruder.

"I'm disgusted with them," Georgie explained. "It was all very well to go on like that when they were engaged, but I do think that when they're married they might have stopped it."

"What is it?" I inquired.

"Why, when I drop in there of a morning," she went on—she drops in so frequently that the unfortunate Mr. Lloyd

scribes for Monty and Carlo. If I tell you about it you must promise faithfully not to tell anyone else."

"I promise quite faithfully, but I don't understand," I said, "what he has to do with the story. Did you save him from matrimony by holding up the Lloyds as an awful example?"

"You'll see in a minute," Georgie pursued. "I was sorry for Dr. Elliot because he hadn't many patients. Every



"I OFTEN FIND THEM SITTING IN THE SUMMER-HOUSE"

appealed to me to check the habit—"I often find them sitting in the summer-house, or places like that; and he looks silly, and Mrs. Lloyd can't help showing that she doesn't want me."

"Then why do you go?" I asked.

"I want to talk to Mrs. Lloyd," she went on; "and if they don't see anybody else, I'm sure they'll get tired of each other."

"Have you succeeded in doing them any good?" I answered.

"Not much," she replied; "but I did Dr. Elliot a lot of good. I like Dr. Elliot; he's a splendid doctor. He pre-

one went to old Dr. Turrell, and he's an old idiot."

"He knows nothing of the diseases of dogs?" I suggested.

"He doesn't," Georgie agreed. "He said he thought Monty had hydrophobia and ought to be killed just because he had a little fit from eating Grandpapa's boots. Besides, he doesn't know anything about people either. He's got two mixtures. One's brown and one's fizzy, and if you've got anything with a cough in it he gives you the brown one, and if you've got anything else the matter he gives you the fizzy one."

"I have drunk quarts of them in my time," I said. "They are perfectly harmless."

"The people in the village thought they were awfully good," Georgie pursued, "and if any one was ill they used to say, 'He's all right, he's got some of the brown stuff.' It didn't matter a bit if they died as long as they'd had the mixtures. And Dr. Elliot's mixtures were different colours, so they didn't believe in him. His first two patients died, too, but that mayn't have been altogether his fault."

"But what in the world has this to do with being in love?" I inquired.

"I was coming to that," she explained. "One day I met the Lloyds out for a walk, and, of course, I went with them. I found they were going to collect what they called edible fungi. Is that right?"

"Quite right," I said. "Mr. Lloyd is rather mad on the subject."

"He was," Georgie answered with a smile. "They got a lot of red and yellow things, and then when they'd come home Mrs. Lloyd cooked them herself in a little saucepan and they had them for tea. They were very nasty, but they ate them, and Mr. Lloyd called her his little wife."

"Horrible," I said.

"It wasn't that altogether," Georgie replied, "but it was so silly, because they might have bought mushrooms and had them cooked in the kitchen. That was when I thought of it."

"I still don't understand the connection," I said.

"You're very stupid, Uncle Richard. Mr. Lloyd was always sending for the doctor when his wife got the least little ache, and she was a splendid patient, but he would send for Dr. Turrell."

"I have a glimmering notion," I exclaimed.

"So I just went to Dr. Elliot," Georgie continued, "and asked him for something that was quite harmless, but gave you a bad pain inside. He didn't want to at first, but he's a kind man and I promised not to do any harm with it. I believe he thought I wanted it to prevent my going back to school."

"I never knew before how you managed it," I replied.

"I don't manage it with anything that gives you a real pain," Georgie answered. "He only gave me just a little, but I noticed the bottle that he took it from and I got some more. Then I brought it out with me, and the next time I met the Lloyds I went home with them again. When they weren't looking, I put some of the powder in the little saucepan, and then—O, it was funny!"

"Was it?" I said. "I should have called it diabolical myself."

"About ten minutes after they'd eaten them," Georgie went on unabashed, "of course they had an awful pain. I watched it coming on, and I saw they were getting a little pale. Then Mrs. Lloyd asked whether he was sure the mushrooms were all right, and he said nervously he was sure they were, and why did she ask? She told him she wasn't feeling very well, and got up to go, but she saw him twitching and knew he was bad too. She said: 'My darling, my darling, are we poisoned?' and he groaned and said that he must have mistaken something with one Latin name for something with another name. She wanted to know whether they were sure to die, and he said they certainly were, because the things were the deadliest poison, and no doctor would be any use at all; but he sent for Dr. Elliot. Of course, I knew he'd be sent for because he lives quite close, and Dr. Turrell's house is two miles away. After that they hugged each other and said a lot of silly things; he told her that he had murdered her, and she said she of course forgave him, but their married life had been so short, and she'd never expected it to end in this way, and it had been the happiest time of her life, and a lot about being in heaven and all that. He couldn't talk so much, because he'd eaten more of the stuff, and had a bigger pain."

"It was a disgraceful trick, even for you, Georgiana," I said.

"It served them right for being such idiots," Georgie protested. "After a little while I went away and waited for

Dr. Elliot in the hall. When he came I told him all about it, and he said I ought to be whipped ——"

"I agree with him," I said.

"But then he laughed," she continued, "and he had to wait a minute to put on a proper doctor's face. I followed him in, because everyone was so confused about dying that no one noticed me. Mr. Lloyd said they'd eaten the what-do-you-call-it, and Dr. Elliot answered quite gravely, 'Dear, dear, the what-do-you-call-it?' though I'm sure he'd never

to give Dr. Elliot a hundred pounds for saving their lives, but Dr. Elliot said he couldn't think of accepting it."

"I suppose you thought he ought to have taken it, Georgie?" I asked.

"O no," she said. "That wouldn't have been a joke. But, of course, Dr. Elliot always attends Mrs. Lloyd now. She wants a lot of attendance, because the fungus poisoning naturally can't be got over at once. And I told the people in the village about the cure, and nearly all of them go to Dr. Elliot now. The



"MY DARLING, MY DARLING, ARE WE POISONED?"

heard of it before. Mr. Lloyd wanted to know whether there was any hope, and Dr. Elliot said there was just a chance, and he'd brought something with him which he had discovered to be an antidote for fungi poisoning, and he gave them both some pills. I know it wasn't true, because I managed to see the box, and they were meant for old Mrs. Ames."

"It was a creditable performance altogether," I suggested.

"It was," Georgie agreed. "Then he sent them to bed, and, of course, they were all right next morning. Mr. Lloyd said it was a wonderful cure, and wanted

worst of it is that Mr. Lloyd's always bothering Dr. Elliot to publish his antidote, and says that it will make him famous. I don't believe it would, because there can't be many people who eat those things. He has to pretend that he's not quite finished his experiments yet. Mr. Lloyd will talk lots about fungi, too, and Dr. Elliot had to buy a book, and read their names up."

"Dear me!" I said, "what a very edifying story!"

"The best part of it is," Georgie concluded, "that I can make Dr. Elliot say I'm ill when I don't want to go back to school."

The Grimmest Museum on Earth

WRITTEN BY C. L. McCLUER STEVENS. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS

THERE is no stranger museum in the world than the model-room attached to the Royal Engineer barracks at Chatham. Usually these

his master, a Russian officer, after that terrible fight on the heights of Alma, which so fittingly opened the sanguinary Crimean campaign. For a long time he would permit no one to approach the corpse, but eventually he was coaxed away and taken possession of by the Royal Engineers. He accompanied the corps throughout the war, and on its termination he returned with his new friends to Chatham. Here he seems to have made himself quite at home. He would stop nowhere but in the guardroom, welcoming each new guard with a



NO. 1. "SNOB"

somewhat dull and eminently reputable institutions are associated almost entirely with the peaceful arts and sciences: Bird's eggs and butterflies! Shells and seaweeds! Sarcophagi from Karnak! Mummies from Luxor! Stuffed animals of various sorts and kinds! Reptiles, fishes, and beetles! These and other similar objects constitute the staple bill-of-fare provided at the common or garden museum.

But the grim collection which has been got together at Chatham is of another and an entirely different order. In lieu of fishes are forts. Butterflies give place to Maxim guns, Brennan torpedoes, and other more or less deadly, man-slaying machines. Mummies are represented by rolls of cordite, looking as soft as carded wool, and as innocent. While for the harmless covering of the skittish mollusc is substituted another and infinitely more deadly kind of shell.

The museum contains one animal, and one only—the dog "Snob," whose portrait is given above. "Snob" was originally a subject of the Czar's. He was found lying across the dead body of

friendly bark and sundry approving tailwags. He invariably evinced the liveliest interest in the operation of "posting



NO. 2. ZULU WARRIOR

sentries," running on ahead of the "relief" party and giving utterance to a series of short, sharp, staccato barks.



NO. 3 "CROWS' FEET"

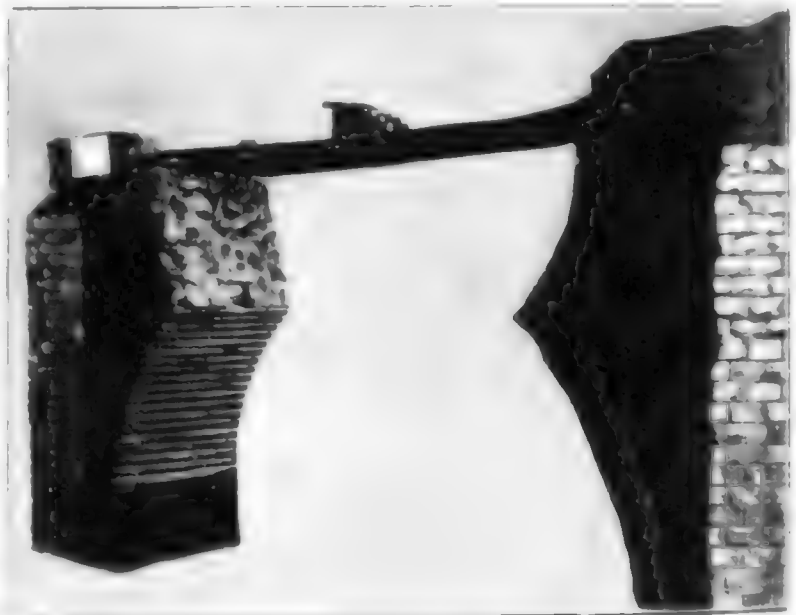
On more than one occasion, so it is whispered, this timely warning sufficed to rouse to a proper sense of his position a semi-somnolent sentry, thereby saving that worthy the punishment that would certainly have been meted out to him for so serious a military crime as that of being asleep on his post. "Snob" died in 1866; but prior to his demise he was decorated with the Crimean medal. This he still wears, suspended round his neck by the regulation pale blue and yellow ribbon.

In No. 2 we are introduced to a somewhat gruesome relic—a cast of the head of a Zulu savage killed by a fragment of shrapnel shell at Ulundi. Notwithstanding the terrible nature of his injuries, this redoubtable warrior charged right up to the British square, and fell dead within a few paces of the muzzles of our breech-loaders. No. 3 helps us to realise more

clearly than a column of printed description would do, something of the amenities of "glorious war." These "crows' feet" are from Sebastopol, and were placed by the Russians in a field of young wheat, in order to cripple and throw into confusion our cavalry.

No. 4 shows the method adopted for temporarily repairing a broken bridge. The structure in question was the Trojain Bridge, which spanned the Tagus river near Alcantara, Spain. The middle span had been blown up by the enemy, but it was repaired in the manner shown in the photograph in the short space of twelve hours. Lieut.-Colonel Sturgeon, R.E., was the officer responsible for the work, which was executed between daylight and dusk on April 12th, 1812. The material used was rope. The breadth of the dike was 100 feet, depth 140 feet, and the total weight of rope was 35,000 lb.

Perhaps the most curious exhibit of all is that labelled "A Flying Sapper." The figure is entirely made up of tools, accoutrements, &c., used in engineering work. Thus, the cap consists of a gun



NO. 4. A BRIDGE REPAIRED



NO. 5. "A FLYING SAPPER"

and an empty sand-bag, while the feather is a miner's push-pick. The face is represented by a military plan, the ear being a besieged fortress, defended in front by a river which serves to hold on the cap. The outlines of the countenance are besiegers' works, of which an advance "fleche" with its magazine in rear forms the eye. The queue is an ignited "saucisson" communicating with the mine. The stock is designated by an instrument called a "choker," used in the formation of fascines. The body is composed of "mantlet," a kind of

musket-proof material used by sappers; and on his breast, worn as a medal ribbon, is an engineer's measuring-tape. The right arm is formed by a level; the left by a mining "auget" with its "return-box." The thigh in front is a filled sand-bag, and the legs "sap-faggots," to which are added pontoons for shoes, and crow's feet. This unique sapper is mounted on a fascine horse, the animal being equipped with a Gunter's chain as a bridle, spades as stirrups, and a roll of drawing paper, on which is sketched a section, for a saddle-cloth. He is armed with a sap-fork; a pick-axe serving as a carbine.



NO. 7. LETTER WRITTEN BY LORD NELSON BEFORE HE LOST HIS ARM



NO. 6. BENJAMIN MURRAY'S TUNIC

and a saw as a sword. The tunic illustrated in No. 6 belonged to the only man in the British Army who ever succeeded in earning nine good-conduct badges. His name was Benjamin Murray. He enlisted in the Royal Engineers on August 16th, 1813, at the age of nineteen; and was discharged on June 27th, 1858, aged 65, after having served 45 years 27 days. And a munificent Government granted him a pension of two shillings a day. No. 7 is an original autograph letter of Lord Nelson's, written prior to the loss of his arm. It refers to some stores, which were being requisitioned for his ship, the *Agamemnon*.

The West-African witch-doctor's dress,

shown in No. 8, has a grim history attaching to it. It was brought away, in January, 1889, from the captured town of Largo, in the Mendi country, near Sierra Leone. Largo was the stronghold of a slave-stealing chief named Makiah, who, for more than nine years, had kept his neighbours in a state of constant and abject terror. Finally he saw fit to extend his raids into British territory, carrying off in one single incursion more than five hundred women and children, almost under the eyes of our

Haussas. Of course this could not be permitted, and a force, under command of Sir John Hay, then Governor of Sierra Leone, was sent to punish him. After a weary march through fever-stricken jungles and swamps, the surprised stronghold morning; killed or captured most of

miasmatic little army Makiah's early one ed or captured the raiders,



NO. 8. WITCH-DOCTOR'S DRESS



NO. 9. DWELLING-HOUSE DEFENDED

and released more than a thousand unhappy captives. The chief's principal witch-doctor was among the slain. He had officiated, in the very garb shown in our engraving, at more than three thousand human sacrifices.

No. 9 is an exceptionally interesting model, intended to illustrate the method adopted in time of war for the defence of an ordinary dwelling-house. The lower windows have been filled with sand-bags, while the upper ones have been screened with carpets, rugs, &c., so as not to attract the enemy's fire. The walls have been loop-holed, the cellar protected by rows of barrels, the latter emptied of their own proper contents, and filled instead with earth excavated from the lawn; and the grounds have been plentifully interlaced with "wire entanglement," to supply what the telegraph connected with an adjoining railway has been torn down and utilised. Finally all the doors, both front and back, have been secured inside by long spikes, as well as by placing against them heavy articles, such as pianos, bureaus, and sideboards. Thus transformed, and garrisoned by a score or two of determined men armed with modern magazine rifles, any house becomes at once a small fort, and is practically impregnable to an enemy un-



NO. 10. MODEL OF NAPOLEON'S HOUSE AT ST. HELENA

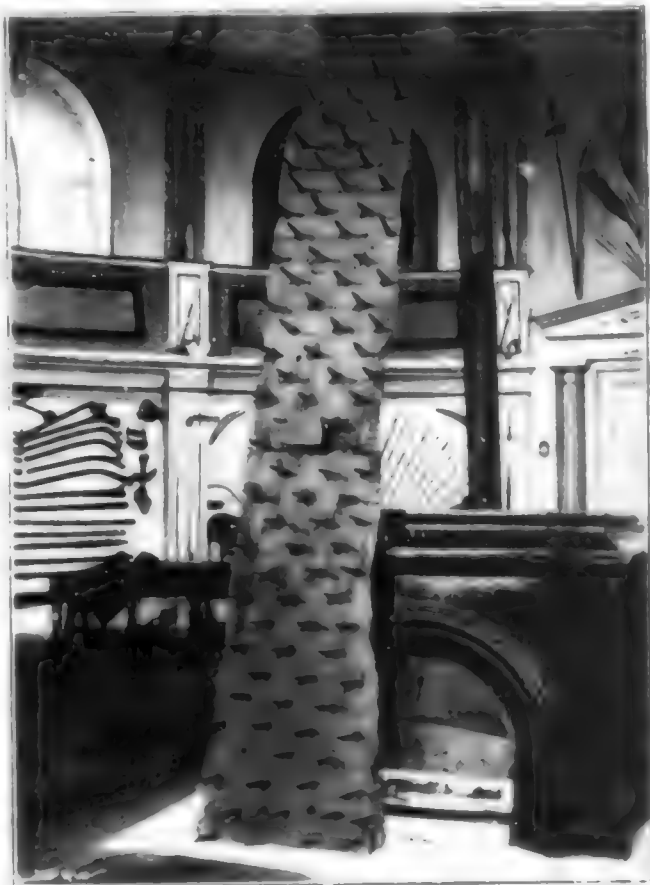
vided with artillery. Should the attack-party happen to have with them a couple of field-guns, however, it would surely constitute a death-trap to all inside, for a half-dozen rounds of shrapnel would be quite sufficient to convert it into a heap of smouldering ruins.

In No. 10 we are introduced to yet another model of a house—the historic mansion wherein the mighty Napoleon spent the closing years of his life. It is a somewhat picturesque-looking building, containing a drawing and dining-room, a spacious library, private sitting-room, a handsome billiard-room, and the usual retiring rooms and offices. Running along the entire length of one side of the mansion is a sort of covered passage-way of glass; and here Napoleon was wont to spend the greater portion of his day, pacing restlessly up and down, up and down, for all the world like a caged, but still untamed, animal, and ever and anon casting a half-reproachful, half-wistful glance at the encircling waters of the morbid and misty Atlantic. The fallen despot landed at St. Helena, accompanied by a few of his friends and domestics, on October 13th, 1815, and took up his residence at Longwood House the following day. And here he died, on May 5th, 1821, of cancer in the stomach, after more than

five and a-half years of lonely exile. *Sic transit gloria mundi*

In the last of our illustrations we have another relic connected indirectly with Napoleon. It is an immense elm plank, more than 12 feet long, between 3 and 4 inches thick, and weighing nearly 2 hundredweight. It

is stuck full of gigantic iron spikes, each more than a foot in length, and was used by the French in defending the breach at Badajoz. This strong fortress was taken by assault on April 6th, 1812, and no more gallant achievement is recorded in the whole history of the British Army. The most extraordinary preparations had been made by the defenders to repel



NO. 11. A RELIC OF BADAJOZ

the attack. Powder-barrels and grenades were laid along the trenches; and at the foot of the breach were placed sixty 14-inch shells communicating with hose filled with gunpowder and embedded in the earth. Across the rampart extended the *chevaux-de-frise*, of which the plank preserved at Chatham is a portion, while the slopes of the breaches were covered with planks, so placed as to tilt anyone setting foot upon them on to a timber-work studded with iron spikes, bayonets and sword-blades. Besides all this, every species of combustible had been got together; several loaded muskets lay by each man's hand, and wooden cylinders filled with brick-shot and slugs, which scattered terribly when fired, had been prepared in enormous quantities. The 4th "King's Own" led the "forlorn hope" and lost two hundred and thirty officers and men in killed and wounded in less than an hour. But the remainder pressed on. The terrible *chevaux-de-frise* became gradually clogged with the bodies of our brave fellows, and so passable for the survivors.

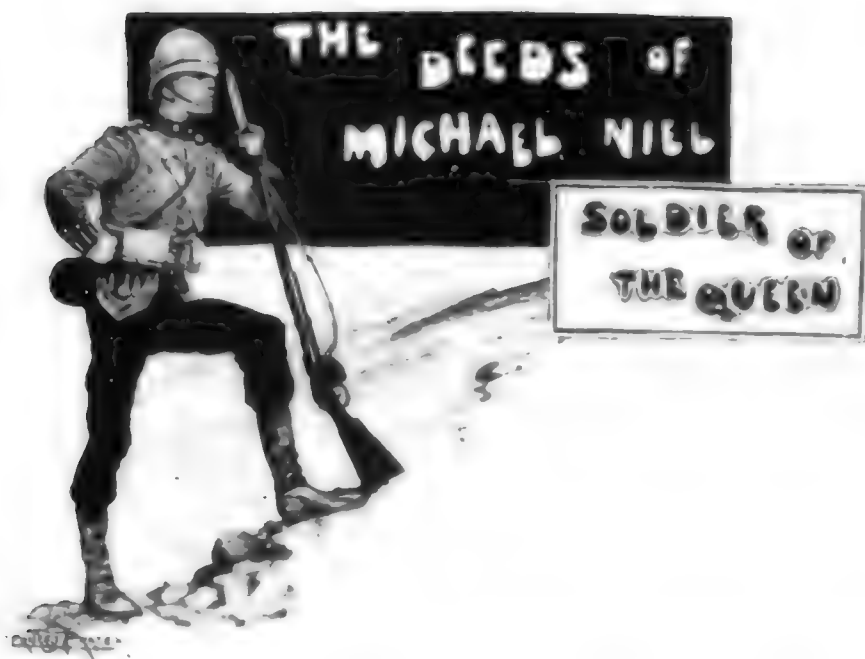
The martial fury of the attacking columns was indescribable. One rifleman thrust his body beneath the spiked barriers and suffered the defenders to dash his head to pieces with the butt ends of their muskets. When at last the place was entered, our men, maddened by their enormous losses, exacted a terrible vengeance. Indeed, some of the horrors recorded of the sacking of the town surpass all belief.

Such, briefly and imperfectly described, are some few among the many hundreds of interesting relics preserved in this remarkable museum. There are hosts of others, equally worthy, which have not been noticed owing to lack of space. Models of forts, bridges, and offensive and defensive works of every description. Weapons old and new! Projectiles of all shapes and kinds, from the long-since obsolete hand-grenade to the modern steel shrapnel. Strange spoils of war from almost every country on earth. All these, and many more, go to make up a collection as interesting as it certainly is unique.

THE GREY DAWN

THE sullen dawn in the east comes creeping,
 Grey and heavy with woes of the day;
 The love I must lose lies softly sleeping,
 With never a dream that can bring dismay

And it's well that my love lies sleeping, sleeping,
 Lulled with dreams, at the break of the day
 That shall hear, ere it end, her bitter weeping
 For love that is over, joy that's away.



WRITTEN BY F. NORREYS CONNELL. ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST PRATER

III.—THE OUTERMOST GUARD

IT was far away in a hill fort on the banks of an Himalayan stream that the 119th learned what manner of man was Michael Niel. The time was that great forgotten year when the North Bear roamed howling into Afghanistan, and the trafficked Pathans, turning on the hand they deemed feeble alike to protect and to master, came a-raiding in Kashmir. In England men hardly noticed: some intent on stocks and shares, and others on drains and School Boards. The latter deprecated our Indian jingoism, the former sneered at our slowness in polishing off a little war. A little war! where all that was awful in Asiatic fanaticism rushed in its seething thousands on a few score bayonets. A little war!—little they recked of it in England; but up in the North the Divine White Figure beamed on the partizans and smiled encouragement across his newest Russia.

Of course we finally drove them back, with the result that a man who had won a peerage got a G.C.B. and was shelved; but there were bad days ere the end came. To-day more English and loyal Indian dead lie by the river and where

a certain crumbling sungar wall grins on a rocky pass than fell on the "Fatal Hill" of Albuera.

I am no man of sentiment—I hate and dread the word—but I must here record it as my firm conviction that but for one man Fort Dufferin, the key of the Kokhurrie Pass in the Chadaland range of the Himalayas, must have slipped from us into the hands of the hillmen, from the hillmen necessarily to their overlord the Ameer, and from the Ameer—— I go so far as to say that, in spite of Downing Street, the Bear might have prowled into the Punjaub but for one man. And that one man was Michael Niel.

Now, Fort Dufferin is a first-class mountain fastness, glinting with heavy metal, and engineered by one of the ablest sappers that ever fired a mine. Unapproachable, relentless, an army corps might die vainly on her glacis—nor dare they seek at the cost of half their strength to mask her and push on. They who passed through into the Kokhurrie Valley would never retrace their steps. There is nothing in front of them for leagues but stony tracks, and



"EVER AND AGAIN PICKING
OFF A STRAGGLER"

snow, and hordes of savage mountaineers; then, again, more forts and the sweep of cross-firing batteries.

So would the Muscovite find Moscow. But Fort Dufferin was not so in the year of the scare, when three hundred picked men of the 119th were marched up seven hundred miles in hot haste to

hold the place at all costs. The position certainly we thought splendid, as we climbed painfully up to it, but not so the fortifications—a level sward some hundred feet square enclosed by a shaky stone wall, inside a few huts half brick, half rubble; outside an ill-covered way to the water, ending in a square tower of which one face had fallen away. In garrison we found a handful of Sikh infantry, and a mob of local levies drawn largely from a tribe known to be ill-affected towards us. Only the presence of the grim-faced Sepoys had held them back from desertion, and kept the Union Jack floating over Britain's farthest post

in Central Asia. Looking down from the fort across the stream you saw Tom Tiddler's land, where lurked the Pathan "sniper," and where any day might gleam the lance heads of the pony riders from the Don.

The first thing done by our commanding officer, Major Burns, a hardy Indian veteran anxious to distinguish himself and to escape the Age Clause, was to disarm the native levies and set them to repair the defences—an act only half-wise, for, although they were not to be trusted with firearms, neither could they be relied upon to do honest work, and they deliberately injured tools and wasted material. It would have been better to have saved their rations and let them go; better still, perhaps, to have shot them. But considerations political in the first instance, sentimental in the second, militated against either course. At last, by a threat of the whip, we expedited their labours, and the new face to the water-tower slowly arose. We had no sappers with us, but our pioneers knew something of the work, so we were not entirely without technical guidance. Labour as we might, however, the water-tower wall bulged in a fashion that did not inspire confidence, and the ingenuity of our architects was baffled. There were no proper tools for squaring the stones, and, "even as the Israelites in Egypt," our Presbyterian sergeant-pioneer declared, his men could not make bricks without straw. "Ye may call et a foort," said he, "but a byre is aye a byre."

To Earle, the adjutant, is due the credit of consulting Michael Niel. I had mentioned to him at the time of the lad's enlistment the circumstances under which I had encountered him, and the facts of the defence of the little Irish cottage stuck in Earle's memory.

"If Niel's half such a builder as his father," he swore with a hot, country oath, "we'll make something of this muck-heap yet."

The next day Michael joined the counsels of the pioneers, and his advice found fruit in the raising of a revetment round three sides of the tower, while fatigue parties constructed a kind of dredging apparatus in the stream. At

first I was puzzled, but I had not long to cudgel my brains: Michael's disciples set to work to cover the whole surface of the walls with a thick coating of mud. Ten hours' sun glare baked it to a solid shield.

"Hey!" said the beaming Pioneer Sergeant when we complimented him on his achievement, "I'll gie Private Niel a drap of 'Johnnie Walker' if he ever comes to Auchterarder."

Hardly had we set our fortifications in order when we had news that the hill tribes around us were really up at last, and bent on demolishing us and our works.

As a preliminary to serious hostilities, a batch of the levies brained a Sikh havildar, sneaked what weapons they could lay hands on, and scampered down the hill at a cost of five dead with ball-shattered spines. This bloody incident ushered in an epoch which takes, perhaps, undue prominence in my recollections as my first experience of war.

We had gathered the limp bodies of the slain and were burying them, when the valley below bristled with tulwars and the enemy were before us. I must own they approached with far greater circumspection than what I had read of savage warfare led me to expect. The main body halted far out of rifle range of our most remote picket and proceeded systematically to establish itself on the ground taken up. One of the outposts, however, was thrown just a shade too far forward and the Martini claimed a victim.

Night fell without further incident, and morning betrayed the enemy busy on the construction of a series of sungars. It was our grim amusement to watch through the glass our deserters utilising the knowledge obtained from our pioneers, and utilising it with an application never displayed in our interests.

For three days they had it all their own way piling stone upon stone with the most provoking deliberation, and they even succeeded in potting a corporal of my company who had strayed too near their lines. The fat slug cut him up cruelly, and thenceforth the sungar from which the shot was fired became a special mark

for our fancy gunmen. We tried to check the waste of ammunition, but did not repress the habit altogether, as it saved the men from that tendency to brood which complete idleness engenders. Yet our chance came.

One night I was in command of the picket thrown forward on the path lead-

Michael Niel. By his husky voice when calling the challenge, I knew something had occurred to excite him. He reported having seen the reflection of a fire down on the lower stretches of the hill, the direction leading him to believe that it came from the sungar whence had been sniped our corporal. Follow-



"NOT MORE THAN EIGHT HUNDRED
YARDS AWAY WAS THE FLICKER
OF FLAMES"

ing down from the fort to the main road through the pass, and, suffering from cold and boredom, determined to stretch my legs by accompanying the patrol which it was my duty to send every hour round the chain of sentries.

The first three men we visited had nothing to report; the fourth was

ing the motion of his finger, I looked, and there to be sure, not more than eight hundred yards away, was the flicker of a flame—no great blaze, but distinct enough to guide a cautiously led party down the hill without great risk of losing the way.

"The bayonet's best at night, sir," said Michael, casually, and the remark was not lost upon me. As quick as man could run in the dark, my information, with a suggestion attached, went back to the commander of the outposts.

Within half an hour a detachment of Sikhs were pushed down the hill towards

the light; three carried powder bags. They went silently, with muffled steel, into the darkness, and all was still.

We stood for twelve minutes straining our eyes to pierce the blackness of the valley; nothing could be seen but the vague quivering light.

Excitement, cold, anguished excitement, made me shiver under my great-coat; it seemed as though the men my initiative had sent forth were gone for ever.

Suddenly there was an angry mutter, followed by the most horrible yell I have ever heard—I think of it now when I see a bayonet—then silence, broken in a minute by the rattle of musketry lasting some moments: spiteful, spluttering musketry, that lacked deliberation. Then all noise was drowned in one great bellow following a stunning flash of light.

"Well done," said someone cheerfully, "they've blown up the sungar."

The musketry still continued, but only very fitfully, as by one, two, and three the Sikhs came gleefully back. They had left their subahdar and fifteen men behind, but they had cause to be cheerful, for fully two hundred of their foes were in paradise, thanks to their dashing little exploit.

Daylight showed us the backs of our enemies. But, as things proved, this too sudden fortune betrayed us into the worst disaster of the campaign.

Burns, losing his head over the success of the night's stroke, determined to follow up the enemy; and, leaving only the Sikhs and his weakest company, that of which I was subaltern officer, in garrison, he marched down the hill and disappeared into the mysterious world beyond. His force carried three days' rations, and little else save their rifles and some mining tools.

Two monotonous days dragged rustily away, on the third we saw what we took at first for a party of the enemy coming up the hill. We were relieved to find it a small convoy of mules pushed up from Peshawur by an enterprising commissary-general. The burden of one quadruped drew much attention.

"Oo's dead?" inquired a Cockney

colour-sergeant. The applicability of the question was obvious. The object referred to was a long shallow deal box, which might well have served as a pauper's coffin. On it was a label "To the officer commanding English army, Fort Dufferin, Himalayan Mountains, Asia."

"That's me," said my Captain, Trafford by name. "Here goes!" and he forced the lid with his sword blade: it disclosed much packing straw, and an envelope bearing the same superscription as the label. Trafford broke the seal, a great red one.

"Can you make anything of this?" he asked, half-laughing, half-puzzled.

I read over his shoulder.

"Sir, will you, to oblige a dying woman who has lived a Christian life, kindly hand the enclosed to Michael O'Donoghue Niel, soldier in the Royal Border Light Infantry, and a native of these parts, where he enlisted eighteen months ago. It was willed him by his aunt, Margaret Mahony O'Donoghue, who departed this life on the 19th penultimo, full of years, and fortified by the rites of the Catholic Church. I am her executor, and your obedient servant, Joseph Lynch (P.P. Cackanode, Co. Cork)."

"Well I'm sloshed!" ejaculated Trafford. "Think of a Government mule, at fifteen quid and his keep, being dispatched to the wilds of Asia as agent of the executor of the aunt of a private soldier! Let's have Niel up at once to open his precious treasure. Is it whisky, or cigars, or bullion, or agricultural implements, or what?"

Michael arrived, and with the aid of a comrade proceeded to unpack his inheritance, of which he professed ignorance, merely remarking that his Aunt Margaret was a pious woman, and but for its weight he thought the box might contain scapulars.

Much straw, much paper, many cords were removed in turn; then came a layer of wadding.

Michael's assistant gave a little yelp. "It's a mon!" he exclaimed, pointing to a hole in the wadding where protruded something very like the point of a thick brown beard.



Michael touched the protuberance and proved it solid.

A smile stole over his face. "'Tis a holy saint," he said softly. We stared at him questioningly, and in explanation he tore away the wadding.

There, stretched in the long box as in a tomb, lay the full-size plaster figure of a man in a full green robe, with a gilt aureola above his head. It was such an image as I had seen in the poorer Catholic churches in Ireland and Flanders.

"What's the gentleman's name?" asked Trafford, scenting humour.

"St. Patrick, sir," answered Michael simply.

There was a gibe on Trafford's lips, but the expression of Michael's face changed its purport, and he directed his sarcasm on the driver of the mule which had turned to devour the packing straw.

"I STRUCK OUT WITH MY LEFT FIST AND FELLED HIM"

What the upshot of the matter might have been I cannot imagine, for at this point our attention was called off by a spasm of flag-wagging, which seized a party sent out to reconnoitre.

"Is it the enemy or is it our own fellows come back?" someone asked.

It turned out to be both.

Our force hurrying incautiously forward had been caught in a trap, pounded to decimation with stones and lead, finally flung headlong backward on their tracks, leaving two subalterns and seventeen men dead upon the ground, and carrying their mortally wounded com-

mander with them in his cloak. All the way back, for five-and-thirty miles, the enemy hung upon their flanks, cracking away with their firelocks and ever and again picking off a straggler.

Once the first flutter of the men's hearts had stilled, they came fairly together and Earle managed to keep up a regular section fire, which, although it did not damage the enemy, deterred them from coming to close quarters. So step by step, with heavy hearts and sullen faces, they retired the way they so hopefully had come.

The enemy did not draw off until almost under fire of the men we marched out to cover our fellows while they climbed the hill.

That night we doubled the sentries and patrols, and allowed no accoutrements to be laid aside; and it was well, for as the outposts were relieved at dawn we saw the lower slopes of the hill alive with the banners of the swordsmen.

Burns, recovering slightly from the collapse of his wound and refusing to believe himself a dying man, insisted on retaining his command, and ordered an advance to meet the foe.

In our hearts we all thought it madness, but there was something sporting in the idea that braced our nerves, and it seemed to me that our step was joyous and gallant as we advanced down the hill in faultlessly dressed line.

What followed I cannot explain, nor could I at the time understand. I know we did not fire until close upon the enemy, and at a range which the penetrative power of the Martini bullet must have made destructive. I saw the standards of the enemy within a stone's throw, then smoke, and all was a blank but for the rip-rip-rip of the firing in my ear. I don't think I did anything at first; men fell by my side, but the battle took no heed of me.

After some time—an hour, perhaps two—I began vaguely to make out objects around: Earle shooting a standard-bearer, a Pathan with his teeth buried in the thigh of a Sikh, who hammered his back with a rifle-butt.

"What's happened?" I asked Earle, and I thought my voice that of another man.

"Nothing much yet," he answered, twirling the barrels of his revolver while he reloaded. "Where are your men?"

I looked round thinking of them for the first time in half an hour; but ere I could pull them together the hillmen rushed on us and I was alone in their midst. One deliberately spat in my eyes, and mechanically I struck out with my left fist and felled him.

Then my leg burned me, and I slipped across his body. He had knifed me in the calf. As we struggled others tumbled over us, and I felt him suffocate beneath my body. The same awful end threatened me, but as I began to lose consciousness the weight of bodies above was pulled away, and Michael, with bleeding hands, helped me to my feet.

As I rose I saw our line re-form with little more than half its morning strength. The Sikhs had been cut off and wiped out, all but seven grim heroes, who butchered a path through the enemy and rallied on the main body. So much for ourselves. We had beaten the enemy; under a constant patter of bullets they were tardily falling back down the hill, leaving a century of monuments to their courage and the accuracy of our weapons.

A groan drew my eyes to Michael, and I saw that he was weltering in his blood, which dripped down his tunic and overalls. A slug had caught him about the belt buckle, and, without entering his body, had torn away much of the flesh in its flight. He tried to say something, but speech failed him, and he reeled tipsily to the earth. His popularity showed itself by the many fellows who hastened to improvise a litter and carry him back into the fort, where our only surgeon had many casualties on his hands. Burns was dead; the excitement of victory had reopened his wounds, and the life throbbed out of him while he cheered on his men.

That night more than one man succumbed to his injuries, but Michael still breathed at dawn, although he had never regained consciousness. I asked the doctor if there was hope, and he shook his head. Only a marvellous



"THEN WITH FURIOUS FORCE HE FLUNG IT DOWN"

vitality, he declared, had kept him alive so long.

In a most downcast state of mind I attended a council of war which Earle had convened, and what I there learned was not of a heartening nature.

The casualties of the last days had left us a bare hundred men available for duty, while we had nearly half as many again in hospital, some disabled for life. We had fairly repulsed the enemy in yesterday's engagement, but should they attack again in greater force, as was

sure to happen in a few days, no further success might reasonably be expected, and a reverse could only end in a massacre of those unable to leave their beds.

Earle's proposal was that all the mules and bearers we had should be used to send away those of our wounded who, while capable of being moved, stood no chance of early recovery. This was approved by the council, and I was nominated commander of the party on the grounds that I was the only wounded officer well enough to sit a mule; no sound one could be spared. They gave me as escort a sergeant and six men. While hastening to make ready for departure I thought of Michael and went to hear news of him. The hospital sergeant told me that he had been seized by a raging fever and the doctor had ordered his removal to the water-tower, where he could be by himself. He was beginning to have some hope of his recovery, but to carry him down the mountain would mean certain death.

I found the poor fellow wrapped in his great-coat, stretched on a bed consisting of his blanket thrown over the straw in which his legacy had been packed. The statue itself stood by his head, the painted hands thrust forward protectingly over him. As I entered the

place he was mumbling "Holy St. Patrick, St. Patrick, holy St. Patrick," but when I had stood there a little time he seemed to grow sensible of my presence, saying "I have to thank you, sir," with that same delicate intonation which had struck me the great day when we met. Soon, however, all meaning went out of his face, the hand which I had taken grew moist and he gibbered.

Sick and sore I limped away and having inspected my melancholy command, gave the order to march

"Come back soon," said Earle, as he nodded to me at the gate, but I knew by his smile that he thought never to see me again.

It was six months ere the relieving force marched up the valley to Fort Dufferin. The flag still flew, and we saluted it. A grey-haired man came down the hill to meet us, two Sikhs and six of the 119th followed him with fixed bayonets. The grey-haired man was Earle.

"Yes, we've pulled through," he said, as nonchalantly as he had said good-bye. "You'll find a good many gone."

"Michael Niel?" I asked.

"Still a little mad, but doing well. Is lunacy heroism?"

"How d'ye mean?" said I.

That afternoon Earle brought me to the top of the water-tower and, bidding me look down, inquired if I saw anything.

"A fair collection of Afghan knives," I answered. "You had a scrimmage here?"

"We had. Do you see anything else?"

"Some pieces of a broken idol."

"Don't let Niel hear you say that. These are the immortal remains of St. Patrick." Then, with running laughter and choking, he told me the end of my story.

My convoy had not been gone twenty hours when the enemy returned, and the siege of the hill fort began in real earnest. Lines of circumvallation were thrown up and the place regularly invested. When the ring was complete a succession of night attacks were delivered at constantly recurring periods until the tiny garrison were harassed to desperation. There was no rest for anyone; Earle himself had not one hour's sleep in forty.

Suddenly these attacks ceased, and all in the fort thought that a relieving force had appeared on the scene and that the siege was about to be raised.

One night about the fifth, following the cessation of these attacks, a comrade who had volunteered to watch by Michael Niel's bedside was amazed to see the wounded man spring to his feet and, clothed only in his bloody bandages, catch up the statue of St. Patrick, and

bound with headlong strides up the steps to the rampart. Rushing after him, the man stumbled over the prostrate form of the sentry asleep at his post and reached the rampart. He beheld Michael's gaunt appalling figure stand stark upon the parapet edge with the statue poised above his head.

Then with furious force he flung it down.

There was a howl, a clash of steel and a sound of many footsteps turning to flight.

In an instant the garrison drums beat to arms and a volley was poured into the darkness.

The enemy answered not—they were running, running down the hill. The garrison, standing to their arms, wondered and rejoiced, rejoiced and wondered, until dawn.

At the first streak of day a search party, going forth, found the hillside strewn with dead and dying: few were shot—they had trampled each other in their flight. Some wounded were brought in; they were overcome by terror, and all told the same story, differing only in detail: "We attacked many thousand strong. . . . Our mullahs led us on, crying that the Jihad was consummated and the Kafir gods had abandoned them. . . . We slew a sleeping outpost and advanced in pride to your very walls. . . . But even as we girded our loins for the final stroke, one of you whom we know to be dead arose in his grave clothes and confronted us, calling his deity from Heaven to destroy us. Our leaders perished beneath the stroke and we fled confounded in our souls. . . . We shall fight no more, for now we know our gods avail not against yours."

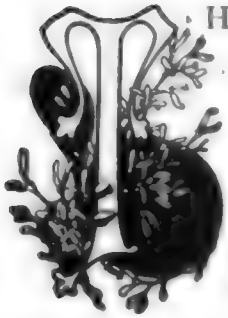
"All very well," declared Trafford, whose humour was embittered by the loss of his sword-arm. "But fifty years hence these fellows' grandsons and ours will be carrying on just the same."

When Michael was himself again they offered him promotion, but he refused it. I asked him why, and for a long time he would offer no comprehensible reason.

In the end he said shyly: "I think it would be disrespectful to *him*, sir."

"Liqueur, Sir?"

WRITTEN BY ROBERT MACHRAY. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS



HERE was a party of us dining the other day at a certain club in London, and, at its close, liqueurs were served as usual. I watched with some curiosity the answers given to the question of the waiter, "Liqueur, sir?" and

noticed that out of nine, three men took liqueur-brandy, two green Chartreuse, two Benedictine, one Kümmel, and one Kirsch. The thing to be chiefly observed was that each man took a liqueur of one kind or another; and I think there can be no doubt that the consumption of liqueurs has increased enormously in Great Britain, and especially in London, during the last ten or twenty years.

There are good reasons why this should be the case. Take such a liqueur as Chartreuse or Benedictine. There is the charm of colour, the charm of perfume, the charm of taste—a harmony, in fact, what an old French writer describes as "a music for the tongue and palate." Brillat Savarin declared that a good liqueur constituted the *ne plus ultra* of the pleasure of taste. On the other hand, most liqueurs are open to the great objection that they are sweet, and the doctors of our time demand imperatively that, if we must drink at all, what we drink must be *dry*. Indeed, I have been told by the head of a firm which probably imports more liqueurs into the kingdom than any other that he is constantly asked for a *liqueur seche*, and that, with the exception of certain kinds of Kirsch, there is no such thing.

It is impossible to determine the extent to which the consumption of liqueurs has increased in this country

from any statistics supplied by the Government. For all liqueurs of foreign origin are included in and appear under the unsympathetic title of "Sweetened or Mixed Spirits." But one has only to remember how much the café system has come into vogue in London and the other great cities, to understand that liqueurs have established themselves pretty generally in public favour.

I am informed that Curaçoa and Maraschino are more extensively used than any other liqueurs. So much is this the case that it is a matter of custom to speak of the one as the king and the other as the queen of liqueurs. Both of these are, however, largely employed in the flavouring of certain dishes, and are not drunk so much as in former years. The finest and most scientific of liqueur distillers are undoubtedly the Dutch, and their Curaçoa, whether made in the island itself or in Amsterdam, the chief seat of its manufacture, is a beautiful liqueur of its kind. Its peculiar property is derived from the maceration, not of oranges, as is generally supposed, but of orange peel. The best Maraschino comes from Zara in Dalmatia, but large quantities are also produced in Italy. The genuine liqueur is distilled from the small black cherries, known as *Marascas*. In the process of its manufacture the cherries are crushed whole—and one of the chief elements which give specific character to it is the flavour derived from the kernel or seed of the fruit. A so-called Maraschino is made from peaches, and imitations, more or less deadly, are frequently offered in place of the real thing.

So far as my own observation has gone, Chartreuse and Benedictine are the most popular of liqueurs. It is certainly not a little curious that we owe these and several other liqueurs, some of

which are now seldom or never heard of, to religious houses. Besides the two last mentioned there are Trappistine, made by the monks of La Trappe at the Abbey de la Grâce de Dieu—a liqueur which was formerly a good deal used, then rather went out of fashion, and now seems to be coming in again to some extent; the Elixir des Carmes (Carmelites), and the Eau des Capucins (Capuchins), both of which have practically disappeared.

There has never been exemplified a more striking instance of the irony which appears inseparable from all human life than that shown in the case of the monks of Chartreuse.

Some eight hundred years ago, St. Bruno, fleeing from all the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil, sought and found a refuge in what was then appropriately termed a desert, situated nearly equidistant between the modern towns of Chambéry and Grenoble. The Carthusian Order which he there founded grew and flourished, sending out many prosperous off-shoots, whose monasteries and convents were situated in all parts of Europe, our own Charterhouse being one of them. None of them, however, rivalled in fame the parent monastery of La Grande Chartreuse; but when all the other religious orders were suppressed in France during the Revolution, its monks were allowed to continue for some years after the others had been expelled. It is said

that this privilege was given them, not because of their pure and spotless lives, or of the many good acts they performed, but because they made the most wonderful liqueur in the world. Not that the virtues of this magical preparation were sufficient to save them altogether; for after a time the same evil fate overtook them too, and the brethren were dis-

persed and driven out of France. In 1816 the monastery was reoccupied, and one of the first results which attended on this was the manufacture again of their famous liqueur. When the religious orders were again suppressed in France, the Carthusians remained unmolested, and that principally because the manufacture of their liqueur yielded so great a revenue from the Excise to the country that the Government thought it inexpedient to touch La Grande Chartreuse. Besides, the monastery acted with such beneficence with respect to the people of the department of



CHAPEL OF ST. BRUNO

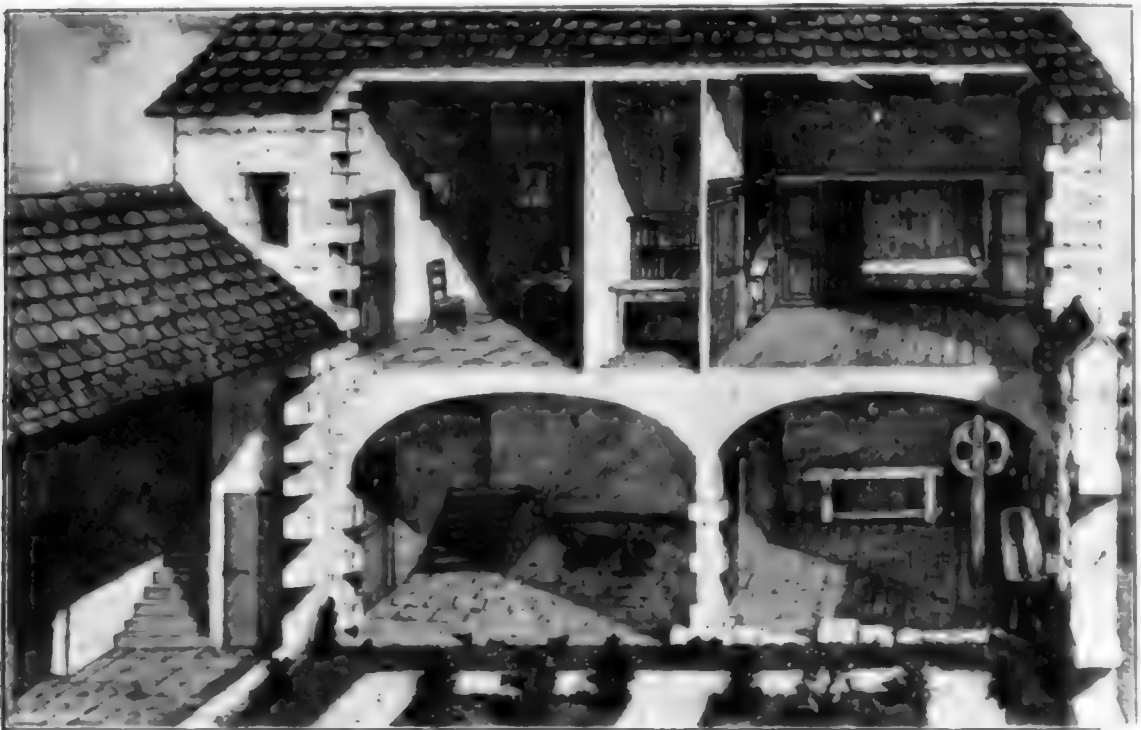
Isère, and in regard also to municipal matters, that it was feared any attempt upon the monastery would lead to a serious insurrection.

It is sometimes said that the constituents of the liqueur are now well known. The fact is exactly the opposite of this, and there can scarcely be any hesitation in saying that the secret of the composition of the liqueur has become the most valuable trade secret in the world. A few years ago it was said

—and there is no reason for doubting the substantial accuracy of the statement—that an offer was made through the Pope to the General of the Order, by the Rothschilds, of the enormous sum of eighty million francs for the transference of the rights involved in the manufacture from the Carthusians to the great bankers. It was surmised that their intention was to form a gigantic limited liability company, which would go on with the preparation and sale of the liqueur. At the time it was more than hinted that the

roads they have caused to be made in various parts of Dauphiny.

While it is not known what the exact composition of the liqueur is, certain facts about it are common property. The basis of it is a wine-spirit, the grapes for which are grown in vineyards belonging to the Order in the South of France. The second chief ingredient is sugar or some other saccharine matter. So far, it may truly be said, these are the two chief things in the composition of almost every liqueur. But in the preparation



INTERIOR OF A CARTHUSIAN CELL.

Pope strongly urged the acceptance of the offer, but it was declined.

Thus it will be seen that a small community of monks, vowed to poverty, abstinence, and all the other virtues of an austere life, are probably, to all practical intents, the richest firm of distillers in the world. It must be said, however, that all profits realised are devoted to the general good; the monks themselves derive no benefit from them whatever; a certain amount of money goes to Rome as Peter's Pence, the rest is spent in building hospitals and other charitable institutions, to say nothing of the bridges, aqueducts, and the improved

of Chartreuse, to the spirit and the saccharine matter there is added an elixir made of certain herbs which are found growing at various seasons of the year on the Alps of Dauphiny and Savoy. It is in the knowledge of the proper combination of these plants that the great value of their secret lies. In the beginning these herbs or simples were used solely for medicinal purposes by the monks themselves. In the course of time the manufacture was improved, and its fame spread far and wide. During the last sixty years the old buildings have had to be abandoned as insufficient, and large

premises have had to be constructed. Indeed, the manufacture is now carried on by paid operatives, and the population of the whole village, which has sprung into existence because of the liqueur, is employed in collecting the requisite herbs and in the business itself. Formerly there were three kinds of Chartreuse, white, green and yellow. The first named has dropped out of use; of the others the green is a more potent spirit than the yellow and is generally preferred

this plant largely enters into the liqueur made at La Grande Chartreuse itself.

Perhaps the most remarkable product of La Grande Chartreuse is its *Essence Végétale* or *Elixir*, a preparation distilled from the same herbs which enter into the composition of the liqueur along with several others. The *Elixir* is a sovereign remedy in severe cases of heart failure and syncope. It was doubtless introduced long ago into the monastery by some monk, who, searching after the



THE BENEDICTINE DISTILLERY: GENERAL VIEW

to it. Perfection itself is said to be found in a drink compounded of one part of green and two parts of yellow Chartreuse. On the exceedingly rare occasions when the Fathers are allowed to dissipate a little this is generally understood to be their favourite tippie.

A brand of Chartreuse used to be made at the Gran Certoza, a branch of the Carthusian Order, who have their monastery at Florence. The liqueur was green in colour and very delicate in flavour, yet of so distinct a character that it was easily perceived to be derived from the use of the *Angelica*. I have been told on fairly good authority that

fabled elixir of life, accidentally stumbled upon this marvellous combination. The asceticism of the hard and rigorous life of these recluses must frequently have occasioned severe and prolonged fainting fits; a few drops of this cordial forced through the lips brought back the spirit hovering on the confines of another world to this.

Benedictine, a liqueur hardly less famous than Chartreuse, has also come to us from the monks. To-day, however, the Benedictine of commerce is manufactured by a company, who claim to have gained possession of the recipe in use centuries ago by the Benedictine

Fathers of Fécamp. That there was such a liqueur made as far back as the middle of the sixteenth century is evident from the fact that Francis I. declared that he had "never tasted anything better" than the liqueur made by the monks of Fécamp. The exact composition of the preparation was discovered by a certain Dom Bernardo Vincelli in 1510. It was a simple cordial which the monks, tired out by their studies and their long fasts, would take to assist them in recovering their strength,

became possessed of the parchment, faded and yellow with age, containing the old monk's secret recipe for the concoction of what is now known universally as "Veritable Liqueur Benedictine." After many laborious experiments he was successful in reconstituting the mysterious mixture.

The handsome buildings in which the manufacture of the liqueur is carried on were erected and completed two years ago, and are remarkable for their many architectural beauties—not usually to be



BENEDICTINE DISTILLERY: THE LABORATORY

and which also enabled them to contend successfully against the malarial atmosphere in which they lived.

When the Revolution broke out in 1793 the abbey was swept away and its monks scattered abroad. It is related—and the story in itself is quite a romance—that the manuscript of Vincelli, containing the recipe for his elixir, was saved from destruction, and was entrusted to the care of the Procureur-Fiscal of Fécamp Abbey, who was an ancestor of M. Alexander Le Grand, the present managing director of the Benedictine Distillery. It was not, however, until the year 1863 that this gentleman

found in a place of such a kind, as will be noticed from the illustration. The most remarkable feature of these extensive buildings is undoubtedly the laboratory, a vast hall wherein gleams a great array of brass apparatus, polished like nothing so much as the metal work seen on board a man-of-war. Here are to be seen a great number of gigantic vats, containing in all nearly a hundred and ten thousand gallons of the liqueur. Beneath this chamber are the underground cellars, where is stored the reserve of choice old brandy, which forms the base of the liqueur, and also the produce of the distillation of the plants, which

give the liqueur its fragrance, its flavour, and its high dietetic value. There are always ready for shipment from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand cases, a fact which gives some idea of the enormous business transacted at the "Abbaye."

Through the courtesy of the president and directors of the company, we are able to show here some illustrations recently made of the laboratory, of one of the principal cellars or *caves*, and of girls at work fixing on labels, &c.

Wasser, Kirschenwasser, *i.e.*, Cherry Water, has the distinction of being about the only liqueur which should be drunk by gouty or rheumatic people. The best qualities are received from a few old farmers of the Black Forest, and the headquarters of the manufacture are at Griesbach and Petersthal, in the Reuch Valley.

Time fails to tell of the numerous other liqueurs besides those mentioned above, which have been brought out to tempt and gratify the senses of the *bon*



BENEDICTINE: IN THE STORE-ROOM

The last ten years have seen what may be called the rise of the drinking of Kummel in this country. Originally made from a German herb called *kumin*, the chief seat of the manufacture is now at Riga. The principal ingredients are fine brandy, sugar, and an extract made from a mixture of coriander and caraway seeds. Large quantities of it are drunk in Russia, where much of it is made, but I am told that on general principles it is a good thing to avoid Russian Kummel, as sufficient time is not usually given for it to be thoroughly matured.

The liqueur known as Kirsch, Kirsch

viveur. There are, for instance, those dedicated to love, such as the Liqueur de Cupidon, l'Eau d'Amour, Parfait Amour, l'Eau Nuptiale, and so forth. Then there are the various crèmes, as, for example, Crème de Vanille, de Rose, de Thé, de Café, de Cacao, de Moka, de Menthe, the last named being the only preparation of this kind which can be called popular. Then there are various liqueur brandies, such as cherry, peach, orange brandy, &c. I have said nothing about either absinthe or vermouth, as neither of them can be considered a liqueur, although they are sometimes given that name



ILLUSTRATED BY STANLAWS

"GENTLEMEN," said the Doctor, coming into the club reading-room, "do any of you happen to know whether Mr. Carr has any relations living?"

The few men who were reading looked up from their papers.

"Why? What is the matter?" asked one of them.

"Only that he has a bad attack of enteric fever, and I have not been able to find out anything about his belongings. No one seems to know. I thought he might have some relations who should be told he was ill—possibly some sister who would come to nurse him. Nursing is everything in these cases."

"I never heard him speak of his relatives," said a man, reflectively; "I don't believe he has any. Is he very ill, Doctor—in danger?"

"A man is always in danger when he has enteric fever," said the Doctor, drily. "Well, I suppose I had better get a hospital nurse for him. Good-morning, gentlemen." And he left the room.

"I suppose the correct thing will be to leave cards and inquiries?" asked a young member of the club.

"O, of course. I wonder if he is going to die? Curious how many of our members we have lost of late."

And then the subject was dismissed by common consent, and Mr. Carr's valet daily added to the accumulation of visiting cards in the basket on the hall table, and wondered whether he would ever carry them up to his master, or whether he would be obliged to seek for a new place—which seemed rather more probable.

As for Mr. Carr, he gave little trouble to his nurse. He took his medicine, his milk, and his brandy, when they were brought to him, and then turned over in his bed, with his face to the wall, and lay there, day after day and night after night, never speaking when he could avoid it, but sometimes at night muttering unintelligible words in half unconscious delirium. The fever wore itself out, but the patient did not seem much the better for that.

"He must be roused!" said the Doctor. "He is not making the slightest attempt to live, and, if he does not, he will certainly die. Nature is very accommodating in that respect. Just find out from his servants what his tastes are, and what interests him, will you?"

The hospital nurse did her best, but the servants could tell her little. Mr. Carr was a good master, never out of temper, paying well and punctually,

spending his time at the club or in riding and shooting, and reading a good deal in a desultory way. But no one had seen him particularly interested in anything. It did not seem in his nature to be so.

On the mantelpiece in the bedroom was a very beautiful and costly piece of Sevres china. One day the Doctor pretended to stumble, put out his hand to save himself, and knocked the precious ornament off. It fell on the fender and broke into twenty pieces. The nurse exclaimed, and the Doctor apologised to his patient, who had looked round at the noise.

"It does not matter in the least," said Mr. Carr, and turned his face to the wall again.

"Now, look here!" said the Doctor. "This won't do at all. My dear sir, if you wish to die I can't stop you, and there is no use in wasting my time, and your money, by continuing my attendance. If you want to live you must make an effort, I tell you plainly. Your fever is gone, and there is nothing to prevent your getting well except your own obstinacy. Do rouse up, and take an interest in something."

"I wish I could," said Mr. Carr.

But it did interest him a little, that evening, as he lay and watched the shadows on the ceiling, to see that the shadow of the hospital nurse had its head bowed on its hands, in an attitude of dejection and weariness. He feared she might be suffering from want of sleep. Either from pride or kind-heartedness, or from some other vice or virtue, he was annoyed that any one should be tired on his account. He called her, quietly.

She came over to the bedside at once, and he saw she had been crying.

"Nurse," he said, "there is no need for you to sit up. I am better to-night, and I can look after myself. I will take the food now and then, as the Doctor ordered. Go to bed! If I want you I will ring for you."

"I do not want to go to bed, sir," she answered; "I can sleep very well in the chair. I am not in the least tired, thank you, though it is very good of you to think of it."

Mr. Carr sighed, impatiently.

"What are you crying about, then?" he asked, abruptly.

"Nothing sir—only—only a personal matter. I did not mean you to see. I am very sorry."

"What is it? Will money cure it?"

The hospital nurse would have liked to have answered "No," but the facts would not allow of it. So she tried to evade the question.

"It is a brother of mine," she said: "he is in great trouble. Things have gone hard with him, and——"

"How much would set him straight again?" asked Mr. Carr. "I knew it was money. It always is."

"It isn't money only," said the hospital nurse, indignantly. "At least—his wife is very ill, sir, and the doctors say she must go to a warm climate for the winter, and he is in business, and can't leave it, and she won't go without him and——"

"Well, you see it *is* money. How much would make up to him for the loss of his business, and pay his expenses, and all that?"

"O! It would cost him a thousand pounds, at least. He would forfeit a contract. He couldn't do it. It is quite impossible."

"Hand over that desk!" said Mr. Carr. He drew out a cheque-book, and filled up one of the pages.

"There!" he said, tearing it out. "Give that to your brother, and let him take his wife abroad, if he wants to. That is easily settled."

"But I can't take this, sir!" said the bewildered nurse, gazing on the figures £1,000 on the paper in her hand.

"Well! if you don't, I will put it in the fire; or rather you shall," said Mr. Carr.

He had counted aright upon the feminine awe of cheques. The hospital nurse had never seen one before. To her it meant abstract money, and its destruction an absolute loss.

"Do take it away!" said Mr. Carr peevishly, and turned his face to the wall.

Next morning the hospital nurse showed the Doctor the cheque, and told him the story.



"'WILL MONEY CURE IT?' HE ASKED"

"Well done!" said he. "Give your brother the money, by all means. Carr can well spare it. I am delighted to see him take an interest in anything. Mind you humour him in any caprice of the sort."

He went away, leaving the bewildered woman with the cheque in her hand. That evening Mr. Carr called her again.

"That hospital you belong to," he said; "is it a good one? Do they treat the patients well—I mean the non-paying ones?"

"Indeed they do, sir," said the hospital nurse, and was beginning a detailed encomium. But he stopped her at once.

"All right, I am satisfied. Bring me that desk again!"

He made a few calculations and wrote awhile on a sheet of paper.

"Call James," he said. The valet came up and stood by the bedside, wondering what was going on.

"I want you to witness my signature," said Mr. Carr rather faintly. He signed his name, and James and the hospital nurse appended theirs, much wondering.

"That will do, James, thank you. Now, nurse, put the paper back in the desk, lock it, and give me the key."

She did so, silently, and then hastened to give her patient a cupful of egg and brandy. He seemed much exhausted by his effort, but he drank the restorative and turned over to his old position, with his face to the wall.

The night wore on and the hospital nurse fell asleep in her chair. She woke with a start. The room, to her confused senses, seemed full of the sound of a cry in Mr. Carr's voice:

"Thou hast that is Thine. Thou hast that is Thine!"

She ran to the bed, but her patient seemed sleeping calmly, and she dared not awake him. She replenished the fire, and by-and-bye, when her nerves were calmed, fell asleep again. When she awoke at dawn she found that her patient no longer needed her.

"I am not surprised," said the Doctor. "It was rather sooner than I expected, however. I wonder to whom he has left his money?"

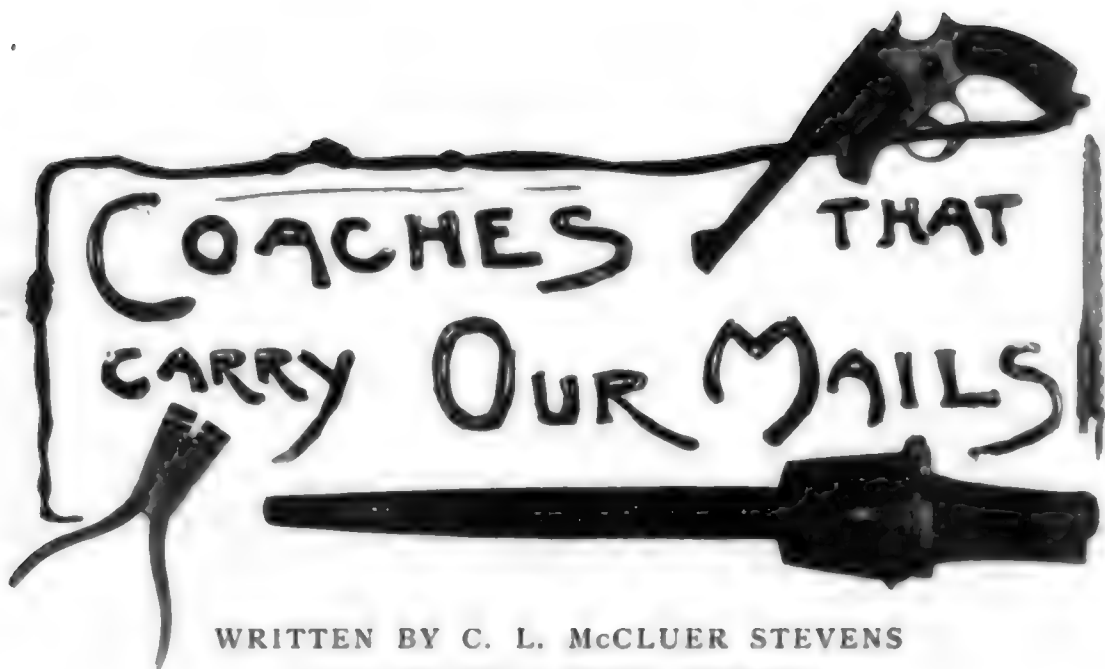
It was all bequeathed to the hospital to which the nurse belonged—on the paper which she and James had signed.

The hospital nurse cried a little and

took the news to her brother, who had promptly cashed the cheque to avoid complications; and the club elected a new member. The hospital chaplain was asked to preach a funeral sermon, in recognition of the munificent legacy of the deceased, but he declined, though the nurse was loud in the praises of her late patient. When she ventured to ask him the cause of his refusal he referred her to the parable of the Talents.

"I judge no man," he said gravely, "but I find no record that the unprofitable servant was praised for the whiteness of the napkin in which he had buried his talent, nor for his return of it to the Master when called to an account."





WRITTEN BY C. L. McCLUER STEVENS
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS

THE world moves backwards as well as forwards. "The advent of the railway era," say people sapiently, "ended the mail-coach regime." So it did—for awhile. But some ten years ago, strangely enough, it occurred to the then head of the most conservative department of the public services, the post-office to wit, to try whether, after all, he could not get his goods carried by road as quickly and as cheaply as by rail.

It was a daring experiment and a risky one to boot, and those consulted thereon prophesied almost unanimously that it was foredoomed to failure. But after much casting around a man was found—Mr. J. M. Birch, of Kentish Town—who, like Napoleon, did not know the mean-

ing of that ill-omened word; and who, in addition, knew more about horse-flesh, stage coaches, guards and drivers than probably any other man in England. Under his auspices vehicles were constructed, animals chosen, routes mapped out, and men engaged; and on the 1st June, 1887, there were placed on the road two coaches destined to carry daily her Majesty's parcel mails between London and Brighton, and *vice versa*.

The railway companies jeered; the

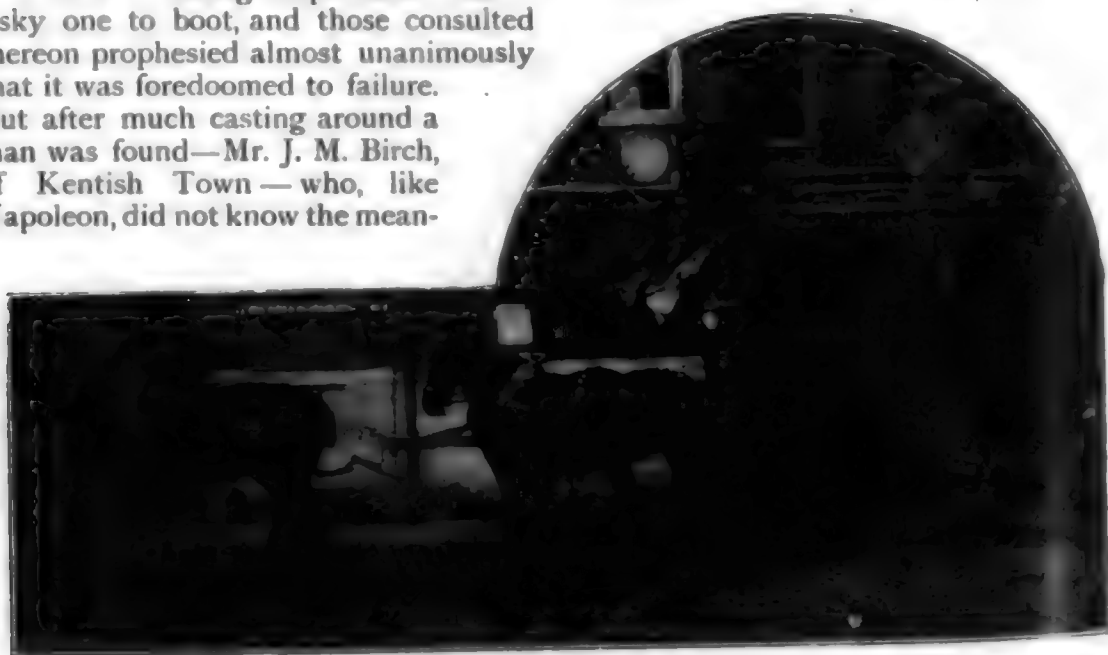


Photo by H. C. Shelley

public was mildly jocular; and even the post-office officials themselves, many of them, looked askance at the innovation. But Mr. Birch persevered. He proved to the satisfaction of all and sundry that parcels could be carried far more cheaply by his coaches than by the railway, and that, moreover, the service was at least as rapid and as efficient. The result was that the system was extended and amplified, until there are running to-day, to and from London, no fewer than twenty magnificently-appointed and splendidly-horsed vehicles catering between them for ten different centres, and for more than five hundred outlying towns, villages and hamlets.

The centres served are Brighton, Colchester, Oxford, Chatham, Tunbridge Wells, Slough, Bedford, Watford, Broxbourne and Guildford; and from each of these towns, as well as from many others lying along the line of route, subsidiary distributing carts convey the parcels to their respective destinations. The system is thus rendered exceedingly mobile. Routes can be altered, curtailed, or extended at will, and villages can be visited or left severely alone, according to the exigencies of the moment.

The actual number of parcels carried during the financial year ending March 31st, 1897, was 3,139,249, as against 2,982,177 the year before. The largest number carried by any one pair of

coaches was 576,135 on the Brighton road, and the smallest—81,997—was between London and Broxbourne. Of course, all the coaches travel by night, when other traffic is at a minimum, leaving London at times varying between nine and midnight and arriving at intervals between 2.30 and 5 a.m.

As a rule excellent time is kept, and really serious accidents are of comparatively rare occurrence. Occasionally, however, there are minor mishaps, the remedying of which calls for no little resource, pluck, and determination on the part of both guards and drivers. Fogs are responsible for most of the accidents; and then come snowstorms, gales of wind, abnormally heavy rains, subsidences of, or obstacles on, the roads; and collisions with other vehicles, whose drivers are too often either partially or wholly asleep.

A typical case of a fog accident was that which occurred to the Brighton coach on the night of December 22nd, 1891, near Thornton Heath. The fog was so thick that the vehicle was driven into a pond by the side of the road. The four horses all jumped over a wall, three feet high, which divides the shallow part of the pond from the deep part, and is fifteen yards from the edge of the water. The coach was going at a rapid pace at the time, and the driver, Crown, who was one of the pioneer drivers of the



MR. J. M. BIRCH
Photo by A. J. Langton, Belgravia



BULL HOTEL, DARTFORD

Photo by T. K. Biddle

parcel coaches, mistook a lamp which was on the wall in the centre of the pond for one by the roadside. Strange to relate, the coach was not upset, but the driver and guard had to get down into the water to release the horses. The driver's shoulder was dislocated, and he was obliged to go on to London by train. The guard remained behind, and, after borrowing some extra horses, succeeded in dragging the coach out of the pond and driving it to London. By the time he reached his destination, however, his wet clothes had frozen on him, and he was speechless from cold and exhaustion. Both driver and guard received a gratuity of £5 each from the Postmaster-General.

Many cases have occurred of coaches having been embedded in snow-drifts for more or less lengthy periods. For instance, at Hand Cross, on the night of March 9th, 1891, both the up and down Brighton

coaches were delayed many hours from this cause; and on the same night the down Oxford coach ran into an immense drift near Dorchester, and had to be dug out by a number of men. Again, on the 4th of January, 1894, both the up and down Tunbridge Wells coaches were embedded for twelve hours in a huge drift near Halstead, Kent. Finally, the

down Tunbridge Wells coach ran into a drift 12 feet deep, near Dinton Green, and six sturdy farm-horses had to be specially hired before it could be extricated. This latter accident, like the two mentioned above, happened during the great storm of March 9th, 1891.

Not infrequently the coaches are overturned. Thus the Oxford coach got off the crown of the road into the gutter, between Taplow and Maidenhead, one



BULL HOTEL, DARTFORD

Photo by T. K. Biddle

foggy night in September, 1890, and incontinently capsized; and a similar accident befell the same coach in the vicinity of Maidenhead in the following February. On this occasion it fell over into a deep ditch; but, by a miracle, both the guard and the driver escaped injury.

On the 8th of November, 1894, there happened to the Colchester coach an accident which, but for the pluck and resourcefulness evinced by the guard, a man named Proughten, would probably have been attended with very serious consequences indeed. A fresh team

summoning a policeman to the scene; and, leaving the coach in the latter's charge, rode back on one of the leaders in search of the missing driver. The latter was found badly injured near the scene of the accident; and Proughten, after seeing that he was attended to, rode back again to Ilford, and eventually drove the coach to London. For this service he was awarded a gratuity of three guineas.

Plenty more similar instances might be cited, but enough have been recorded to show that the life of a parcel mail-



THE GRAPES, MAIDENHEAD

Photo by Plumbs

had just been put in, and the guard and driver had taken their places, when from some unexplained reason the horses suddenly bolted. Proughten, with great presence of mind, climbed over the top of the coach to see if he could render any assistance to the driver, but found him missing. He then leant down over the footboard to try and reach the reins, only to discover that they were broken, and trailing under the maddened animals' hoofs. Nothing daunted, however, he stuck to his post, and by alternately coaxing and threatening, he managed to induce the horses to stop at Ilford, a distance of between two and three miles. Here he blew his whistle,

driver or guard is not always, in the language of the poet, "all lavender." Just now, of course, is the most trying time of all. In midsummer, when the full harvest moon is flooding the countryside with radiance, and the soft, sweet, warm air is heavy with the fragrance of a million blossoms, one might find many a worse way of spending a night than in bowling along the Queen's highway behind four lusty, fast-moving greys. But to traverse the same road in the depth of winter, in pitch darkness, and with a biting wind howling dirges amid the leafless trees, and screeching across the bleak brown fields, is another and quite a different matter. The one experience is

little more than an agreeable pastime; the other is not only intensely disagreeable, it is dangerous into the bargain.

And, also, driving at night along more or less deserted roads is terribly monotonous; besides tending, unless the driver is exceedingly cautious, to breed a false security, that may, perchance, prove the prelude to a serious disaster. The operation of changing horses is the one break in the long, lonely journey. Usually this takes place at an inn, and, for preference, one of the old-fashioned coach-

ing houses; such as, for example, the "Bull" at Dartford, the "Grapes" at Maidenhead, or the far-famed "Chequers" at Horley, of all three of which we reproduce photographs.

Both guards and drivers go well armed. This is a necessary precaution, for the property carried is often of very great value. So far, however, there has been no attempt to "hold up" a coach; and, therefore, no need to make active use of any one of the extremely murderous looking collection of weapons depicted in our illustration.



THE CHEQUERS, HORLEY

Photo by Charles Baber

The Master Criminal

WRITTEN BY FRED M. WHITE. ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HARDY

VIII.—THE CRADLESTONE OIL MILLS

CHAPTER I.



GRYDE watched his companion with frank admiration. He could afford to do this openly for the simple reason that the other man was blind. All the same, Gryde never was a tight hand at a bargain where he could see his way clear to a profitable termination. Frank Chasemore must have been a handsome man before the terrible accident which had scored his face like a dried walnut and deprived him of his sight.

"I am disposed to purchase your invention," Gryde said thoughtfully.

Chasemore smiled bitterly. Gryde had picked up the clever mechanical engineer literally out of the gutter in New York. Wild and visionary as some of his schemes were, Gryde had not been slow to see the practical vein beneath.

"Let me congratulate you," Chasemore replied. "I have hawked that invention all over the States, frequently walking from town to town, and everybody laughed at me. I tell you the thing is workable—with a drill and a motor like mine I could bore a hole through the universe in a fortnight. And what is the cost? Practically nothing. But for that nitro-glycerine explosion I should have made it go. Without my eyes I am like a child. I shall have to go into the poor-house, I suppose. And yet, blind as I am, with a small competency behind me, I could startle the world yet. If the fools would only listen!"

Chasemore shook with the bitterness of his indignation. Gryde perfectly understood. Was he not also a genius in his way?

"The fools are going to listen," the latter said quietly. "Do you know why I brought you and your *lares* to this howling wilderness?"

"I don't know," said Chasemore; "out of pure kindness, perhaps. I have read of people in books committing eccentricities of the kind."

"My dear fellow, there is no occasion for bitterness. I brought you here so that we could test your invention without attracting undue attention. If the thing succeeds in doing what you claim for it, I'll make you a present of twenty thousand dollars. That is merely for the hire of the concern, of course."

Chasemore expressed his satisfaction. If Gryde had anything in the way of a boring operation on, the patent could do the work of a regiment in less time than the same could grapple with a yard.

"So much the better for you," Gryde replied. "Now will you briefly explain."

"To outline the thing is easy. In the first place I have an entirely new motor. In the space of a pill-box I have one horse-power. The fools say you can't multiply power. When the egotist fails at a thing he always says it can't be done. Did you ever see a crowd push down a solid stone wall without anyone being hurt?"

"Get to the point," Gryde suggested quietly.

"I beg your pardon. My motor is more or less a pocket affair. With it I

can drive a six-inch drill through granite at the rate of thirty feet an hour. Outside the drill runs a flexible metal coil, and between the two, by a linotype kind of smelting arrangement, I can cast and force in my pipe. What do you think of that? Thirty feet of solid tubing six inches in diameter in an hour."

Gryde's eyes glittered. It was not the first time he had heard these details. Within a day of doing so he had seen his way to turn the discovery to account. Within a week he and Chasemore had found themselves settled in a little hut in one of the loneliest and most dreary parts of Pennsylvania. There was no town in sight, nothing but a collection of wooden huts, a few long warehouses, and two tall grimy chimneys. They were within a mile of one of the greatest oil-wells in the world.

Outside the limits of the Cradlestone Syndicate Estate—itsself no more than a square mile—many a bold speculator had ruined himself sinking for oil. There were shafts and pits there down which thousands of dollars had been cast. And yet whilst the Cradlestone Creek flowed like a sea, not a drop came elsewhere.

"Is it oil you are after?" Chasemore asked.

"What put that idea into your head?" Gryde demanded.

"I can't see, but I can smell," Chasemore said sententiously. "The air reeks with it. Still, your business is no business of mine. Pay in my price and I ask no questions."

"All the same you have guessed it," said Gryde. "There is oil here, but one must go down deep to find it. That is why I require your drill. I have purchased some land here with a shaft or two upon it. You will show me how to use your machine, and as for the rest you can lie here and dream to your heart's content."

Gryde, for reasons of his own, said nothing of their proximity to the Cradlestone Estate. In carrying out one of the most daring of his schemes, the blindness of Chasemore was an important and convenient factor. Fortune had favoured him again. But then

Fortune always does seem to favour the man who has capital, energy, and an amazing faculty for taking pains.

"What you ask is a very easy matter," said Chasemore. "Within three days you will understand the thing as well as I do myself. And already I can see improvement."

Chasemore's speech trailed off into a mutter. A look of dreamy speculation lay like a mist upon his face. When Chasemore retired thus within himself Gryde might as well have been alone. He lighted a cigarette and passed into the open.

So far as he could see the place was one level plain. Nothing seemed to grow there beyond the coarse bush grass. Here and there mounds of earth thrown up testified to the barren labour of the unlucky speculator. By reason of these open shafts the place was a dangerous one for the stranger after nightfall.

Gryde walked on until he reached the split rail fence bounding the Cradlestone property. From where he stood he was within four hundred yards of the main derrick. Here the ground trended down abruptly. In the centre of a hollow cup was a disused shaft. In depth it might have been two hundred feet; the winch and steel hawser for lifting purposes were still intact. Over the same stood a crazy sign bearing the legend—"Guaranteed Oil Trust." For this well astute Gryde had paid down the sum of ninety dollars cash.

Using the timber props as a means of descent, Gryde reached the bottom. The shaft was a fairly large one and perfectly dry. There was nothing there at present beyond a lantern and box of matches. By the aid of the former Gryde proceeded to examine a mass of figures. The study of these seemed to fill him with profound satisfaction.

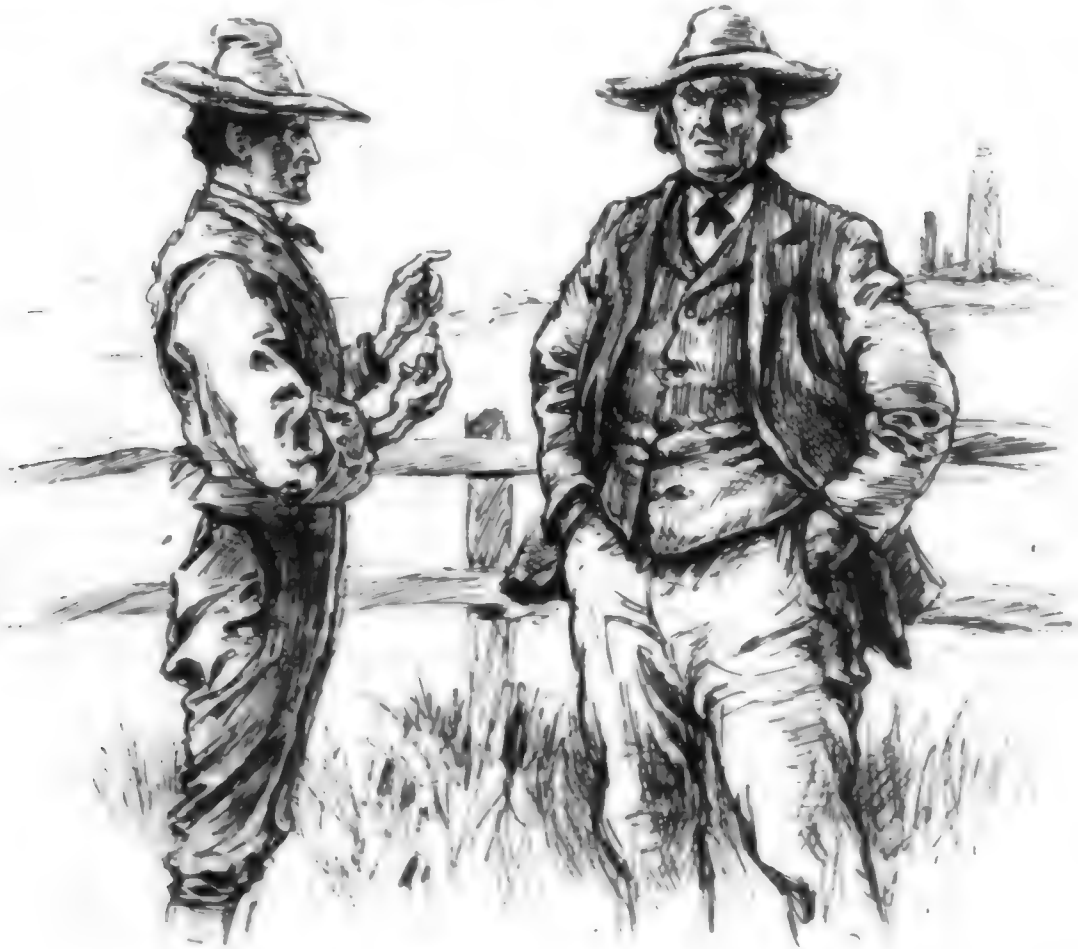
"Four hundred yards," he muttered, "twelve hundred feet at thirty feet per hour, say three hundred feet a day. Four days would be quite sufficient. That drunken geologist who worked at this for me understood his business. Really, a child couldn't go wrong with these instructions. No rise or fall, but merely

a straight boring. The three weeks I spent grappling with the mysteries of the theodolite were not spent in vain. With any luck I ought to make a clear million out of this thing."

Gryde emerged to the surface again. As he did so he became aware of the fact that he was not alone. A big man with a square, determined jaw was regarding him derisively.

King, and you are worth a hundred million dollars. You ought to be satisfied with that, but some people can never have enough. You are a lucky man, Cradlestone."

"You're an original one, anyway," the millionaire laughed. "You'll get no oil there. Our big spring draws all the tributaries to it like a blister. I've known oil found here to spurt for a day or two



"WHAT'S YOUR GAME?"

"Good evening," Gryde said tentatively.

"Good evening, stranger," came the reply. "If it isn't a rude question, what's your game?"

Gryde explained. He hoped to succeed, he said, where others had failed. The other smiled.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked.

"Perfectly well," Gryde said coolly. "You are Walter Cradlestone, the Oil

and then to pour out for good. But as for quantities!"

"I don't want quantities," said Gryde; "a small supply could suffice for me, and the cruder the better. Don't suppose I've come along here to run a rival syndicate. I've got an invention, and I want my own springs to work it. We know nothing about petroleum yet."

"I guess I do," Cradlestone said drily.

"You think so, of course. All you rich men are so amazingly egotistical

I'm not thinking of oil as an illuminating power, but as a healing factor."

"Pooh. Every schoolboy has heard of vaseline."

"Granted. But if you put 'crysoline' to them they would be stumped. And crysoline is going to be one of the healers of the future. Got a bruise about you?"

Cradlestone pulled up his sleeve and displayed an ugly-looking mark on his arm.

"Pinched in a bit of machinery," he said. "Black, isn't it? And a good opening for your crysoline."

By way of reply, Gryde took a small bottle from his pocket. Inside the bottle was some jelly-like substance with a blue-grey green tinge. With the tip of his finger he applied a small portion of this to the wounded arm.

"Now pull your sleeve down," he said, "and forget all about it for a minute or two. So you think I am going to drop my money here?"

"I'm absolutely certain of it."

"Then you're as absolutely wrong, for the simple reason that I haven't any

money to drop. And I don't mind making you a small bet that I shall find what I want. Now will you oblige me by pulling up your sleeve again?"

Cradlestone did as desired. To his amazement he could see no trace of the dark bruise. The cut remained, but all the discoloration had vanished.

"Well!" he exclaimed, "I should like to know how that was worked."

"Crysoline," Grydesmiled. "Petroleum jelly *plus*—What do you think of it?"

"I think there's a mighty big fortune squeezed into that little bottle of yours. I'll give you—"

"Twopence-halfpenny for a million," Gryde laughed. "You'd like to buy the universe and sell it in shilling tins, *you* would. My secret is not for sale, sir."

Gryde was not to be shaken. He returned to the hut whistling.

"I've drawn the feather over his eye," he thought; "he won't suspect anything now. But unless I am greatly mistaken, Cradlestone will sing a different tune ere long. And Heaven help the man who comes to gratify his curiosity here!"

CHAPTER II.

A DARKNESS that could be felt brooded over the desolate flats around the Cradlestone estate. Walking amongst those open shafts was a matter attended by personal danger. But Gryde passed along fearlessly, leading Chasemore by the hand.

By means of a simple yet ingenious arrangement Gryde had got rid of the risk. From the hut to the dry shaft where operations were about to be commenced a length of twine had been attached. To follow this was perfectly easy.

"Why this extraordinary secrecy?" Chasemore grumbled.

"It is absolutely necessary," Gryde responded. "We are strangers in a wild place, amongst a reckless and ignorant set of men. As you remarked on a previous occasion, my business is no business of yours. But I don't mind telling you this: I am going to use your machinery to revolutionise all industries

of this kind. It would mean the saving of hundreds of hands yonder. If I am found out our lives are not worth a day's purchase."

The fluent lie satisfied Chasemore. He suffered himself to be led along until the head of the shaft was reached. He trusted himself implicitly to Gryde.

"You have conveyed all machinery to the foot?" he asked.

"Everything; and a nice task it was. I had to take the stuff a bit at a time so as not to incur any notice. But it is all there now, including the petroleum necessary to start the motor. I shall have to carry you down on my back."

Chasemore naturally demurred to this proposal, but there was no other way; and, as Gryde pointed out, otherwise the contract on the former's part would not be completed.

"There is really no reason why I should put you to this trouble a second

time," said Gryde, in conclusion. "If your machinery is as simple as you say it is, I ought to get the hang of the whole thing in one long lesson. Come on."

The descent was indeed a perilous undertaking. In the first place the

"Thank goodness that is over," he panted.

Chasemore said nothing. He could see the faint glimmer of the lantern before his sightless eyes. Then Gryde climbed half-way to the lift again and



"CHASEMORE PROCEEDED TO PULL A LEVER"

shaft was dark as Erebus, and to find his way from one cross-beam to another with a dead weight on his shoulders tested Gryde's nerves and strength to the uttermost. Trembling violently and aching in every muscle, Gryde at length reached the bottom.

drew a curtain across the shaft. No prying eye was intended to see what was going on there.

"Now we can make a start," Gryde said, cheerfully. "I've unpacked all the boxes. Perhaps you will tell me where to begin."

Considering his infirmity, Chasemore proceeded to do so with marvellous lucidity and point. A touch of his fingers was sufficient to show him what was required. Gryde watched the curious, compact little machine being built up as a child elucidates a puzzle. Within an hour the thing was completed. Chasemore's fears were now merged with his enthusiasm.

"Now then," he exclaimed, "light the petroleum lamp. In a few minutes the pressure will be full upon the drill. If you require the tunnel made to be lined —"

"I don't require anything of the kind," Gryde interposed. "The rock is too solid to render anything of the kind necessary."

"In that case we can dispose with the more complicated part of the machinery. You see the drill can be forced forward or drawn back by this thread, which is practically endless. As to the rest, the motor is compressed air, but air compressed in a form and strength never before known. Place the drill in any spot you want it: I am ready to begin."

Gryde forced the head of the drill against the side of the shaft in the direction of the Cradlestone derrick. Chasemore proceeded to pull a lever.

"You have the twelve-inch bore on," he said.

"I think it will be necessary," Gryde replied. "You keep to your part of the contract."

Chasemore shrugged his shoulders. It was all the same to him. As the machinery began to work, a flexible, hollow steel tube attached to the base of the drill began to expand as it ran off a reel. With marvellous force the drill revolved, screaming and smoking as it cut its way into the solid rock as if it had been decayed cheese. With a feeling of something like fascination, Gryde watched the process. At the end of an hour he looked at the index on the reel. Chasemore had not in any way exaggerated. Over thirty feet had been bored away.

"Are you satisfied?" Chasemore cried.

His face was aglow with enthusiasm. Gryde expressed his entire approbation.

At this rate within a few days his project would be accomplished.

"You have fully earned your money," he said.

"That is good hearing," Chasemore replied. "And now, as I have no particular desire to risk my neck down this hole again, I had better show you how to work the thing. An apt pupil like yourself will pick it up in no time."

By the time daylight began to creep out of the mist, Gryde was perfect. He turned down the petroleum lamp, and the machinery lapsed sullenly into silence.

"We must get back," he said; "it is nearly morning. A little carelessness on our part and all the labour will be lost."

An hour later and both lay fast asleep on the floor of the hut. Night was turned into day for the next week. And whilst Gryde worked in secret like a mole underground, Chasemore dreamed of the fame and fortune awaiting him when once the twenty thousand dollars were his.

* * * *

Gryde was puzzled and perplexed. Angry lines criss-crossed on his forehead. After all the months of care and trouble expended, it looked as if all his plans had failed at the crucial moment. And yet he could discover nothing wrong in his data or his drawings. To make the matter no longer a mystery, Gryde had worked out to a mathematical certainty his ability, with the aid of the drill, to strike the great Cradlestone Oil Spring at a point where it entered the shaft. The calculations showed the length and direction of the boring to an inch. And once this was done, more than half the oil—the whole of it, perhaps—would flow into the new channel.

The moment had arrived. Like some uneasy, grimy demon, Gryde stood by the side of the machine, listening intently. Three feet more and he must be into the distant shaft. He checked the speed of the engine.

Another ten minutes, and he would hear the result. Once the open was found, the drill would fall spent and useless on the other side. This would

be the signal that the task had at length been successfully accomplished.

The seconds dragged on : Gryde could hear the beating of his own heart.

"Pshaw!" he muttered: "I've been slaving away at this thing till my nerves are out of order. I never realised I had any before. And yet the moment is exciting enough in all conscience. If the drill does not—— Hullo!"

The drill suddenly plunged forward, tearing the tube almost to pieces. The distant shaft had been pierced. With a breathless eagerness Gryde wound the coil reversely. Then he waited for the in-rush of oil.

It came, but only with one spurt, and then stopped. Gryde was equally puzzled and astonished. He knew that he was deep down in the spring. Why, then, did not the oil flow? A little cogitation solved the problem.

A syphon was required to start it. The up-rush of air drove the petroleum back to its own old vent. If the derrick on the far side could only be stopped for five minutes! After that they could run their pumps as long as they liked.

"Only partially successful," Gryde muttered. "If I could only close that derrick, it then would only be an explosion of—ah!"

A brilliant idea flashed into Gryde's nimble brain. Without further ado he climbed out of the shaft and took his way to the cottage. Chasemore was just beginning to stir uneasily after his night's sleep.

"Well," he asked, "have you been successful?"

"I have and I haven't," Gryde replied.

"I've reached the spot, right enough, but unfortunately I came upon a vacuum—an underground cave, probably. Therefore the drill drops into water, I expect. If you could rig me up some kind of infernal machine that I could push into the vacuum with the drill I may manage. I want a time torpedo. Can you do it?"

"I've got the materials, right enough, in one of my boxes yonder," Chasemore



"I HAVE YOUR MACHINE READY"

said thoughtfully, "and, given one thing, I could make you a nitro-cordite package enough to blow up a town."

"And what is the one thing you lack?"

"Machinery to fire the percussion."

"What kind of machinery do you require?"

"A common American clock would do as well as anything. Or, to make a still more handy parcel, I could manage much better with a watch."

Gryde promptly took his watch from his pocket. It was a valuable gold chronometer of English make, and would have been cheap anywhere at a hundred pounds.

"Take it," he said; "the difficulty is soon overcome. "When will it be ready?"

"Not before sundown, if I am to run no unnecessary risks. Shall I make it half an hour?"

"Say an hour. I shall have to carry the thing to the shaft?"

"Yes; and you must lower it down carefully. If it should happen to fall in a certain direction I should lose my twenty thousand dollars."

Gryde nodded. He was half-dead for want of sleep. He fell heavily upon a pile of blankets in one corner of the hut, and was asleep instantly. When he came to himself again the lamp was alight on the table, and Chasemore was bending over him.

"I must have had a long sleep," Gryde said.

"Thirteen hours without a motion. I have your machine ready. Will you eat?"

Gryde hastily swallowed some food. On the table stood a square box about some six cubic inches. Outside the intense darkness had fallen once more. Gryde was eager as a schoolboy to be off and test his deadly toy.

It was fairly early yet, and a gang of men were just leaving work. Gryde could discern their ghostly forms in the distance, and the knowledge that life would be spared filled him with a certain satisfaction. He was not sorry when at length the infernal machine was safely in the boring and being gently pressed forward by the drill. Presently the latter ceased to go forward, and Gryde knew that the deed was done.

"Ah!" he said with a shudder, "it's like dancing on a volcano. I'll stay here and see the result. If it fails, I must abandon my enterprise."

He waited. The seconds seemed to drag like hours. Had the machine gone wrong? Gryde wondered. He turned from the opening of the boring where he had stood listening intently, and this movement saved his life. Hardly had he done so when a mighty rushing wind came driving along the pipe carrying stones and chips of rock before it. The force of the blast whirled Gryde from his

feet, and as he fell heavily to the ground a fragment of rock struck him with stunning force.

For a few seconds Gryde lay there unconscious. When he came to himself again he was floating on a seething, boiling stream of petroleum which came pouring from the pipe with a roar like that of a veritable Niagara.

Gryde had been successful. The force of the explosion had turned the current of the big spring, and the adventurer was struggling for life in the volume of his own riches. The oily mass rose with alarming rapidity, Gryde floating upwards with it. There was little or no room to swim then; he could only tread like a dog, and fight to get to the cross-beams.

When his strength was, to all practical purposes, spent, Gryde succeeded. He managed, by an effort of his iron will, to reach the surface, and for a little time he remembered no more. When he opened his eyes again it seemed as if day had returned. And yet the great sheet of flickering light before him had not the steadfast glare of sunshine. Gryde tottered to his feet and looked around.

Reaching far into the midnight sky not far away was a large pyramid of flickering flames. Its roar drowned the cries of the dancing demons around. Gryde had little trouble in guessing what had happened. He had tapped the lower depth of the petroleum while the rest had been fired by the explosion of the infernal machine. It might be weeks before that acre of blazing cloud was damped down.

"I've done it!" Gryde cried exultingly. "I've got all the oil, and they will have none; and they will have to come to me for terms. They can buy me out if they like—indeed, I shouldn't know what to do with the stuff otherwise—but not a penny under four million dollars do I take for my property. And when one comes to think of all the trouble and worry I've had to go through, the money's worth it."

Gryde strode back to the hut in a curiously triumphant frame of mind. Chasemore was asleep. This was a



"I'VE DONE IT!"

pleasant surprise, because it enabled Gryde to get rid of his petroleum-soaked garments and destroy them. All Chase-more subsequently heard was that the experiment had been successful, and

that they were to proceed by to-morrow's stage on the first part of their journey to the South.

"And then," said Gryde, "you shall have your money."

Chasemore was too satisfied to ask any further questions.

In the morning Gryde was early astir. He did not feel entirely at ease until he had dispatched Chasemore off by the coach. There was no idea of defrauding him of his money. Nobody over at the wells had any idea that Gryde had a companion, neither was the latter anxious to have the fact blazoned on the house-tops.

"Something detains me," he said. "I will pick you up at Bedford. Wait at the hotel there for me, and pay for your requirements out of this bill."

Hardly had the cloud of dust caused by the coach subsided, when there came towards the hut the visitor Gryde had expected. The latter was quite easy in his mind, Chasemore could never by any means guess the truth.

Cradlestone's face was a study in suppressed passions. The millionaire was mad with rage.

"You scoundrel," he cried, "how did you manage it? O, you know precious well what I mean. I had a great mind to shoot you in your tracks."

"I have my revolver in my hand behind me," Gryde said quietly. "I expected some such folly as this, and that is why I waited. I have only taken advantage of a little geological knowledge, which but for that explosion yonder would have been useless. It is the fortune of war. A little time ago you had the oil and I had the hole, and

now the positions are reversed. If you can prove that I have done you a wrong you have your remedy."

"I can't prove it," Cradlestone said sullenly.

"But you *may* get a jury to believe that I dug a hole a quarter of a mile through the granite with a toothpick," Gryde smiled. "Or you might pump my shaft and find something unique in the way of machinery. I'll sell it."

"Ah, I suppose you would require half a million——"

"Four million dollars cash within a week, or it goes elsewhere. You came here to make terms: those are mine. And all the time you are smiling in that superior way you are thinking what a fool I am for my pains."

"Four million dollars is a lot of money."

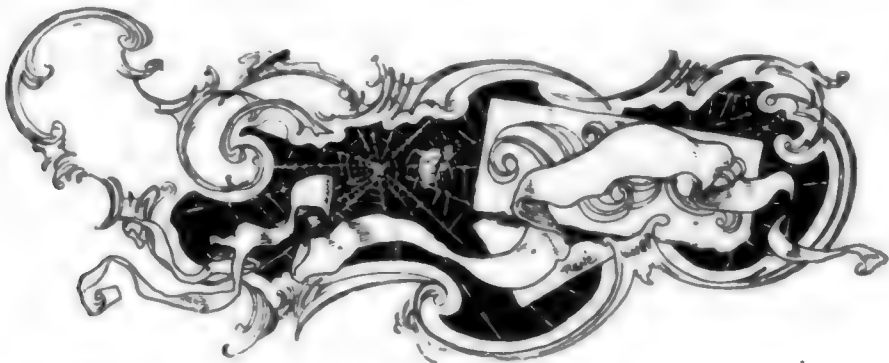
"And a ruined concern like yours is worth nothing."

"Very well. You shall have your price. If you can contrive to see me, say, this day week, at our New York office, we can arrange the matter. I can only hope you are not going to take so much money out of the country."

Gryde smiled meaningly.

"No," he said, "I am going to try my luck on Wall Street. You need not laugh. Your smart brokers will not get the best of me, I promise you. I shall do them."

"As you have done me, if I only knew how," Cradlestone muttered. "Good-day."



The New Year's Card of Japan

WRITTEN BY EDWARD F. STRANGE. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS

THERE are few things more characteristic of the Japanese than their love of small ceremonies. If a coolie finds to his sorrow that it is necessary to publicly abuse his neighbour, he performs the unpleasant operation almost courteously, and with curious terms of respect. And this widespread habit of politeness naturally finds for itself many outward and visible signs other than those of mere language, the giving of frequent presents and the formal exchange of good wishes on particular occasions being perhaps the most noticeable.

For the latter purpose, the leaflet decorated with some artistic



FIG. 2.—ITCHINSAI



FIG. 1.—KORITSUAI

device and an appropriate poem was in use among the Japanese for nearly a century before Early Victorian sentimentality had evolved those terrible productions which filled the dreams and scrap-books of our childhood. But instead of having been mere fugitive travesties of art, they remain to this day the highest achievement of the process employed in their making.

The Japanese name *surimono* means literally "something printed"; and, given the finest craftsmanship of printing, together with, as a rule, a subject calculated to display it at its best, there is really little more to be said. The sheet, varying in size from about five to eight and a-half inches in height, was as a rule nearly of a square shape—a form unusual in Japanese art. It was printed from wooden blocks, a



FIG. 3.—GAKUTEI:

separate one being used for each colour, but with certain important differences in the working. For instance, the colours were mixed *on the block* for each printing, and arranged by hand so as to secure gradation when required. Then, instead of using a press, the printer laid the paper—slightly damped, by the way—on the upper surface of the block, and rubbed off an impression, sometimes with a circular pad called the *baren*, sometimes, in order to obtain a special quality of relief, with the hand, the knuckles, or even the elbow. In addition to ordinary (but delightfully blended) colours, metallic dusts—as of gold, silver, or bronze—were used; and almost always a “blind printing,” or embossing, by means of which a pattern was simply impressed on the

paper without the use of colour of any kind.

These prints were not generally sold. They had, as a rule, a personal interest, and were often the autograph work of the sender. Nor is this to be wondered at, for in a land where all writing was done with the brush held painter-fashion, and where the highest achievement of art was the charm of the calligraphic line, it was easy for any educated man to make his own design; and, by reason also of another common branch of culture, to write his own verse thereunto. In Kyōto, as a matter of fact, it was rather the fashion to send to one's friends autograph drawings only.

Although in Japan New Year's Day is the great festival of the year, and has naturally called into existence the largest number of *surimono*, it is important to remember that the sending of them was by no means entirely limited thereto. The Japanese have for many years understood thoroughly the principle of the club, not using that institution as a means of recreation, but as a pleasant mode of intercourse among friends interested in the same pursuit. So we find *surimono*



FIG. 4.—GAKUTEI:

exchanged in commemoration of the meetings of societies of poets or art-workmen of various crafts. Again, the adoption of a son, a change of professional name, a recovery from a dangerous illness, a birthday, or any special function or event, was often marked by the issue to friends, relations or patrons of an appropriate device in this manner; and the almost inexhaustible folk-lore of Japan, together with the graceful symbolism which the Buddhist and Shinto religions have given to its people, afforded a means of most easily attaining originality in the selection or treatment of a subject.

In the early days of the art, the poem, afterwards to become almost an essential, was frequently omitted, and of this the print by Koriūsai (Fig. 1) is an exceptionally fine example; the falcon and the pine-branch are well-known symbols of strength and long life respectively. This print was made about 1765 A.D., and in the original the embossed lines still keep their strong relief.

Another design dependent entirely on its symbolism is that by Itchinsai



FIG. 6.—HOKUSAI



FIG. 5.—HOKUSAI

(Fig. 2), a specimen of an obsolete method of the Yenshu style of formal flower arrangement, in which cut leaves were wired to the required plan instead of the natural growth, as at present used. This, with the ewer and scissors, is an emblem of good luck for the New Year, and is in date about thirty years later than the last example. The methods of arranging flowers have, it may be noted in passing, been curiously systematized by the Japanese, who have elaborated them into definite schools—one would almost say of philosophy—with professors and literature complete.

Similar in purpose is

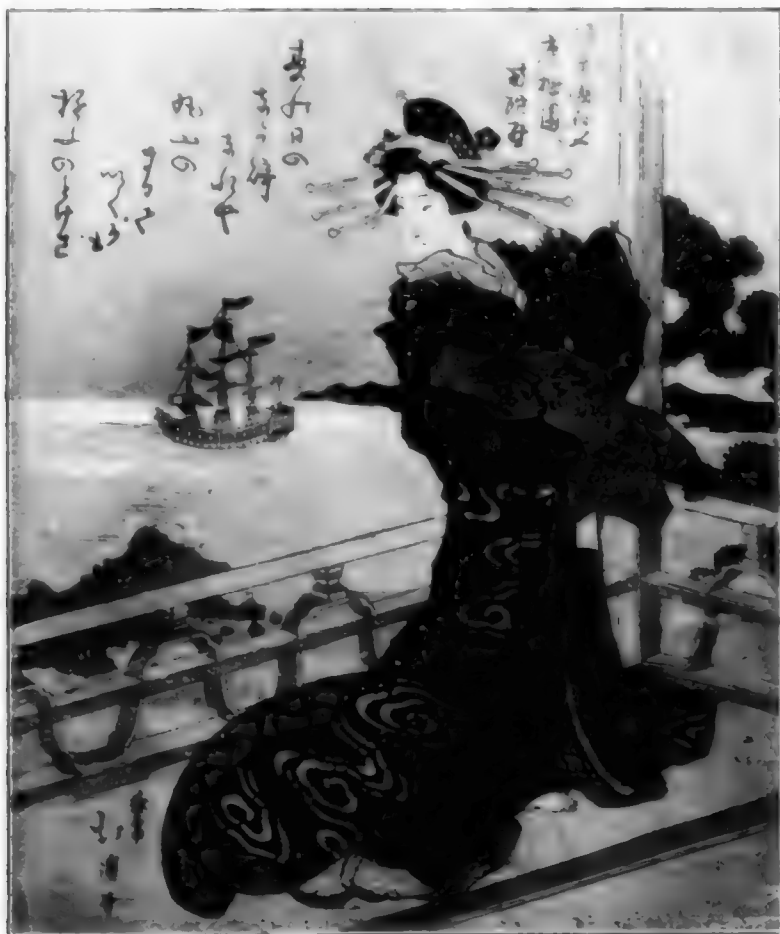


FIG. 7.—HOKKEI

Fig. 3, a representation of Oshikiō, one of the Chinese sages—the holy men of the Buddhist religion—with his crane. This also is a New Year's card emblematical of long life, and it is an unusually good example of the work of Gakutei, the friend and pupil of the greatest of Japanese artists, Hokusai. Gakutei Harunobu, the best known of the artists who devoted themselves to any extent to the designing of *surimono*, flourished at the beginning of this century. In the beginning he seems to have been a literary man, whose association with Hokusai led him finally into art work. This may give a personal suggestion to the subject of Fig. 4, which was

made for a society of poets, and represents the portrait of one of them—perhaps the artist himself—surrounded by his books and writing materials. Gakutei is especially distinguished for the richness with which he endowed some of his best compositions. They are the very luxury of the printer's art; gold and silver are lavishly interspersed with the most harmonious colouring, cunningly heightened by relief-printing in such a way as almost to give the whole the effect of a bas-relief of extreme delicacy. His work has not the breadth of some nor the refinement of other colour-printers of



FIG. 8.—SHUNMAN

Japan; but for bringing out every possibility of the process it is unexcelled. Fig. 12 is also a New Year's card by this artist.

Hokusai (A.D. 1760—1849) himself made many *surimono*; in his earlier days they were of small size and fine charm, in the manner of the old artists. As he grew in years his style developed—perhaps led—that of his contemporaries. To this middle period of his life belongs the circular device shown in Fig. 5, a poet and his lady-love playing with a monkey in the season of spring-time. Fig. 6 is a characteristic sketch of the half-legendary, half-religious Hotei, one of the Seven Gods of Good Fortune, with the lucky-bag that gives him his name. Hotei was the especial favourite of children—who are represented as playing with him in every conceivable manner, and with little respect for his semi-divinity. His bag contained



FIG. 10.—HANZAN

the *takara-mono*, or precious things—a hat of invisibility, the lucky rain coat, the inexhaustible purse, and other like treasures dear to the remembrance of children all the world over; and, with certain differences, one cannot help associating him just a little with Santa Claus. He is said to have been a Chinese priest of the tenth century, and to have replied to all questions as to his occupation, "that he awaited the coming of a friend," and that his bag contained all things! One day, says the legend, a priest came to him and said, "Wherefore came you from the West?" (India, the cradle of Buddhism). Whereupon Hotei, making no answer, stood upright, and vanished.

Fig. 7 is an example of the work of another of Hokusai's best-known pupils, Hokkei. It is a New Year's card, and represents a young lady on the verandah of a tea-house overlooking a harbour wherein rides at anchor a large Japanese junk, decorated with flags. The safe arrival of the ship is symbolical of the good fortune just about to fall on the recipient, and on the right of the design the pine branch is again introduced as an emblem of longevity. By Hokkei also is the curious print (Fig. 13)



FIG. 9.—KUNIYASU

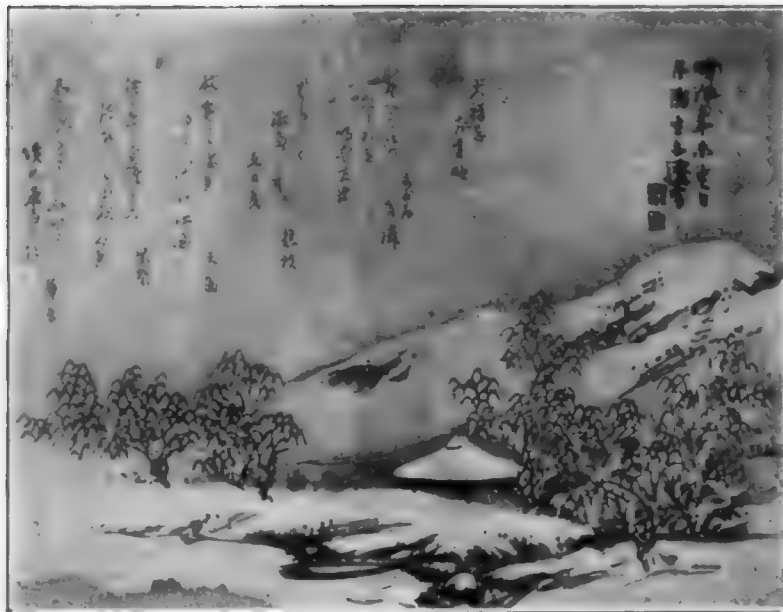


FIG. 11.—NIHO

of a Chinese mythological hero feeding a tame dragon.

A curious, semi-religious feeling is shown by the specimen (Fig. 8) chosen to illustrate the work of Shunman (Toshimitsu). A youth in ceremonial robes is standing on a table upholding a sacred lamp, in the glow of which appears a vision of a great Chinese temple and the landscape beyond it. The interpretation is difficult to a European, and it is possibly an example of that mysticism which so often crops up in Oriental matters.

In Fig. 9, Kuniyasu, one of the best pupils of the great colour-print designer, Toyokuni, has chosen a subject which would appeal most strongly to the tastes of the common people—a combination of a Chinese sage, one of the Forty-seven Rōnin, the heroes of the great story of self-devotion which is almost the first told to a Japanese child, and Urashima, the Rip Van Winkle of Japan.

As example of other classes of subjects, we reproduce in Fig. 10 a sketch of two of the wandering street musicians of

Japan, by Hanzan (c. 1845). These will be noticed more for the realistic impressionism of the drawing than for any other special quality. Fig. 11 is a typical specimen of the landscape in snow so dear to all Japanese artists. It is by a little known man, Niho, who was perhaps a poet. And lastly a view of Lake Biwa (Fig. 14), by Hiroshige: an uncommon and effective treatment of a simple but well-selected subject. Lake Biwa furnishes eight of

the classical landscapes of Japan as the Tokaido, the great road from Tōkyō to Kyōto gives Fifty-three; and these have formed the theme of innumerable artists and poets. Here, however, we have a reduction of one almost to a mere symbol. It is, indeed, recognisable as of



FIG. 12.—GAKUTEI



FIG. 13.—HOKKEI

the Eight Views; but for the sake of his process and his composition the artist has omitted all but the distinguishing sign: a significant matter which may, perhaps, suggest that the apparent simplicity of Japanese art is due in no small measure to an excess of symbolism for which European critics have scarcely yet given it full credit.

This practice is a common one in other branches of Japanese art than that with which we are now dealing. The designs on lacquer, for instance, often form parts of the poetical idea suggested; two or three pregnant words being sufficient, with the picture, to convey perfectly the complete thought. So also the earlier *surimono*, which, as has already been pointed out, were dependent frequently on the design alone, though later ones have the poem, as a rule, written in its entirety.

Perhaps a word may in this place be devoted to the poems themselves. It will probably be a surprise to many to learn how completely poetry has entered into the lives of the Japanese; and the importance of the part it has played in their history during more than a thousand years of authentic record. The old chronicles are full of quaint and tender little verses made by the great men and women of Old Japan; and these find

new significance when applied to the circumstances of a private friendship in modern times. As a rule the poems are of five or seven lines only, and rely—like all the best of Japanese pictorial art—on the gem-like presentation of a single thought rather than on the elaboration of a story. Thus when Prince Hayabusa Wake fled with his young wife from the wrath of the Emperor, and escaped only by hiding in the herbage on Mount Soni close to the messengers sent to kill him, he made the following poem, which has been preserved to this day:

Even this mountain,
steep
As a ladder,
When I cross over it
With thee, my love,
Seems like a restful
couch.

Every nook in Japan is teeming with legends and old histories of this kind; and the luxury of suggestion which need only be half-expressed is a commonplace among its people.

The *surimono* has not hitherto been collected to any great extent in this country, in spite of the attractions it offers to the lover of good craftsmanship. Our illustrations are reproduced, with permission, from the fine series in the possession of M. Tomkinson, Esq., and those at the National Art Library, South Kensington Museum.



FIG. 14.—HIROSHIGE

From Beyond the Window

WRITTEN BY NELLIE K. BLISSETT. ILLUSTRATED BY W. R. COLLINS



HE last chord of Grieg's "Einsamer Wanderer" shivered away into silence, and Bellemontagne rose from the piano with a noiseless, caressing flick of the fingers across the shining keys. He took up his glass from the table and emptied it, nodding lightly to me across the rim; and the clock on the mantelpiece tolled out eleven solemn strokes.

"Good luck, Bazarac," said my companion, taking up his candle, "and good-night. I leave you to watch the Old Year out and the New Year in. For me—the idea is charming, but not attractive. *Bon soir!*"

He waved his cigarette gracefully in the air and sauntered slowly towards the door. As he went he looked back. "Last New Year's Eve," he remarked thoughtfully, "I woke up in the middle of the night. I heard a sound—I listened. A piano was playing—my piano—very softly. I imagined myself dreaming, and went to sleep again."

He paused to snuff the candle delicately with the tips of his fingers.

"Well?" I queried.

"Well—I slept. Next morning there was a string broken in my grand."

"But what broke it?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I know nothing. I have told you what I heard. Ghosts? O, possibly. For me—I do not believe in them. There is, I suppose, a story—there are always stories—and fools."

I heard his footsteps ascending the stairs to the whistled accompaniment of—I blush to record it of a promising musician, but the fact remains, and the fact was—"Her Golden Hair was Hanging down her Back." I went to the door and called after him.

"Bellemontagne!"

"Yes?"

"I know what broke that string."

"Ah! you always had a vivid imagination."

"You had been hearing Rosenthal and trying Power—with a capital P."

A boot arrived suddenly from the upper regions, and an unruffled voice answered sweetly:

"Then I will try it now—with a capital B! May you have a happy night with the ghost."

I laughed, and returned to my arm-chair and the contemplation of the smoke from one of Bellemontagne's cigars. I heard him moving about in the room overhead, still whistling. Then all sound ceased save the sobbing of the wind in the chimney and the occasional noise of footsteps in the street.

It was a small house in a lonely little French village to which Bellemontagne had retired for purposes of study. His idea of study, as far as I could define it, consisted in earnestly doing nothing for as many hours out of the twenty-four as possible, with arduous intervals of conversation and refreshment.

The room in which I sat had two windows, one looking into the street—the other upon a strip of garden, ice-bound, silent, haunted by the ghosts of frozen flowers. In the middle of it stood a big mulberry tree, with a broken rustic seat falling in rotten strips about its roots. I went to this window now, and drew up the blind. Pale, frosty moonlight was streaming across the garden, filtered through the twigs of the mulberry tree. As I looked, I remembered that a name was carved upon what had once been the back of the seat, now green and slimy with age. I had forgotten what name it was, and, at the moment, a sudden curiosity about it seized me. I lifted the

latch and stepped out into the frozen garden, closing the long window behind me.

The snow felt hard and crisp beneath my feet; the cold air was like the touch of an icy hand upon my face. I walked across the lawn, leaving a track of footsteps behind me. The sky above was of a pale, clear blue, and it was very light—though not light enough to see the object of my search. I lit a match and found the name—Gérard—cut deeply into the wood on exactly the place where I had expected to see it.

I blew out the little flickering jet of flame and flung the match into the snow. The red wood hissed faintly, and then grew black; and at that moment the bells for midnight mass began to rock and clatter in the grey stone chapel beyond the dead river.

I stood listening, looking back towards the lighted window of the room I had left; and as I looked I saw a dark figure rise from the shrubbery by the gate and slip cautiously across the snow towards the window on which my eyes had been fixed.

Of course, I very naturally concluded that a burglarious attack was impending. I waited until the figure had nearly reached the window, and then called out. To my astonishment the man, whoever he was, paid not the slightest attention to my voice, but crept on cautiously to-

wards the house as though he had not heard me.

I hesitated for a moment, and then followed him. As I neared the window I was amazed to hear the sound of a piano, played very softly, and my first



"I LIT A MATCH AND FOUND THE NAME"

thought was that Bellemontagne, intending a practical joke and hearing me go out into the garden, had stolen downstairs and begun to play. I was mistaken, however.

The man was leaning against the window-frame peering into the room. I came behind him and looked over his shoulder. His back was towards me, and I only caught the dark outline of

his side face and a mass of tangled hair which showed beneath his hat. It was an old hat, and his clothes were shabby—I noticed a ragged hole in his sleeve. But I did not spend much time in examination of this midnight prowler, for my attention was attracted to the

man sat in my easy-chair with a book in his hand, and at the piano, which stood between him and the window, a woman in a white dress was playing softly to herself. The lamplight fell on her fair hair and on the delicate mauve ribbons which looped up the soft folds of her dress. Her head was bent over a music-book, which she held on her knee with one hand, whilst with the other she fingered pianissimo chords among the keys.

For a moment nothing disturbed the quiet scene. The man before me pushed one hand beneath the cover of his coat, and I noticed that his arm trembled against the warm radiance of the interior. Then the occupant of my chair raised his eyes suddenly from his book. It was evident that he saw the figure at the window. His face whitened, and an expression of the most agonised horror grew in his dilated eyes. It seemed to me that a cry rose to his lips, but only to be checked. He glanced at the woman at the piano, and was silent. She appeared perfectly



"PEERING INTO THE ROOM"

room. For an instant I thought I must be dreaming, or else that I had strayed into some other garden—though I knew that this was impossible, for behind me stood the mulberry tree, and above me the familiar irregular lines of roof and chimney cut across the faded sapphire of the sky.

Yet something very strange had certainly happened. When I left the room it was empty: and now the figure of a

unconscious of anything unusual, and hummed an air to herself. I could hear it through the insecurely fastened window.

All at once she ran up a scale and stopped on a high note; and suddenly a loud report rang in my ears, and a clatter as of broken glass, confused strangely with something like a shriek—or was it the rising wind? For an instant I leant back against the wall, deafened and be-

wildered ; and when I recovered myself the room was empty—my book lay where I had left it, on the arm of the chair—the rays of the reading-lamp fell peacefully on the square red pattern of the table-cover—the piano was closed, and the music-stool vacant.

I opened the window and went hastily into the room. There was a sound of hurried footsteps overhead, and in a minute or two Bellemontagne appeared at the door in dressing-gown and slippers, and blinking sleepily at me across the brightness of a lighted candle.

"What has happened?"

"Did you hear anything?"

"Hear anything? Mon Dieu! It was loud enough to wake the dead."

"What was loud enough?"

"How should I know? It sounded like a pistol-shot. You have not been practising suicide?"

"No. I went out into the garden, and when I came back a man was standing at the window, and two people were in the room—a man in that chair, and a woman at the piano."

"A woman?"

"A woman in a white dress with mauve ribbons. She was playing, and then there was a great noise, and I found myself leaning against the wall. The room was empty."

Bellemontagne set down his candlestick on the table, and gazed at me with puzzled eyes.

"It is very strange. And I heard the piano, too," he added to himself.

"So did I. And, Bellemontagne—there is a name carved on that seat out there, a name I seem to have heard before in connection with some incident I can't recall."

"What name is it?"

"Gérard."

The pianist's face changed a little.

"Gérard! Good heavens! It is certainly very strange."

"Who was Gérard, then?"

"He was an actor who ran away with his manager's wife. And the manager followed them and shot her."

Then I, too, said "Good heavens!" and we were silent.

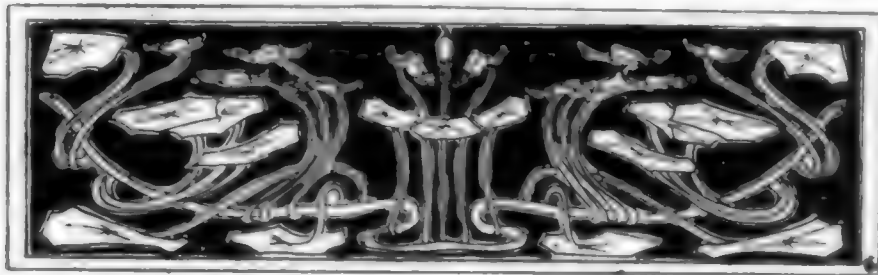
The clock ticked placidly on the mantelpiece; the pleasant firelight danced and flickered gaily on the hearth, as though all unconscious of the ghostly tragedy which had been played before it a few minutes earlier. Suddenly Bellemontagne went across to the piano and opened it.

"It was the first C above the line before," he said. "I wonder if it is broken again?"

He touched the note—there was no answer. Subsequent examination showed that the string had snapped as clearly as though cut with a knife.

All at once Bellemontagne uttered an exclamation: "What is this?"

He held it up. . . It was a knot of mauve ribbon!



A Peep into a Franciscan Friary

WRITTEN BY C. SCOTT DAMANT. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS



NOT only for our personal salvation are we called; God wills that we go throughout the world.' Such was the dictum of St. Francis of Assisi when early in the thirteenth century he started his great Order of Preaching Friars, and for nearly six centuries the followers of St. Francis have literally gone throughout the world, spreading the light of Christianity amongst the heathen, and in many cases meeting with martyrdom as their final reward on earth.

The Order of St. Francis has, in the course of time, been split into several detachments, differing slightly in matters of discipline and dress, and of all these detachments or branches the Observantes are the strictest in their adherence to the rules of their founder. Among other things an Observante, once he is professed, is not allowed to possess or even touch money. His habit contains no pocket where he could secrete cash, his handkerchief being kept where Tommy Atkins places his—up his left sleeve.

Now the old rhyme runs :

"When a man has got no money,
To make him pay some would be funny."

But the French Government have for some time past essayed that humorous feat with the result that Franciscan establishments have been sold up and their inmates scattered. The action is not to be commended on the score of consistency, when it is remembered the French Re-

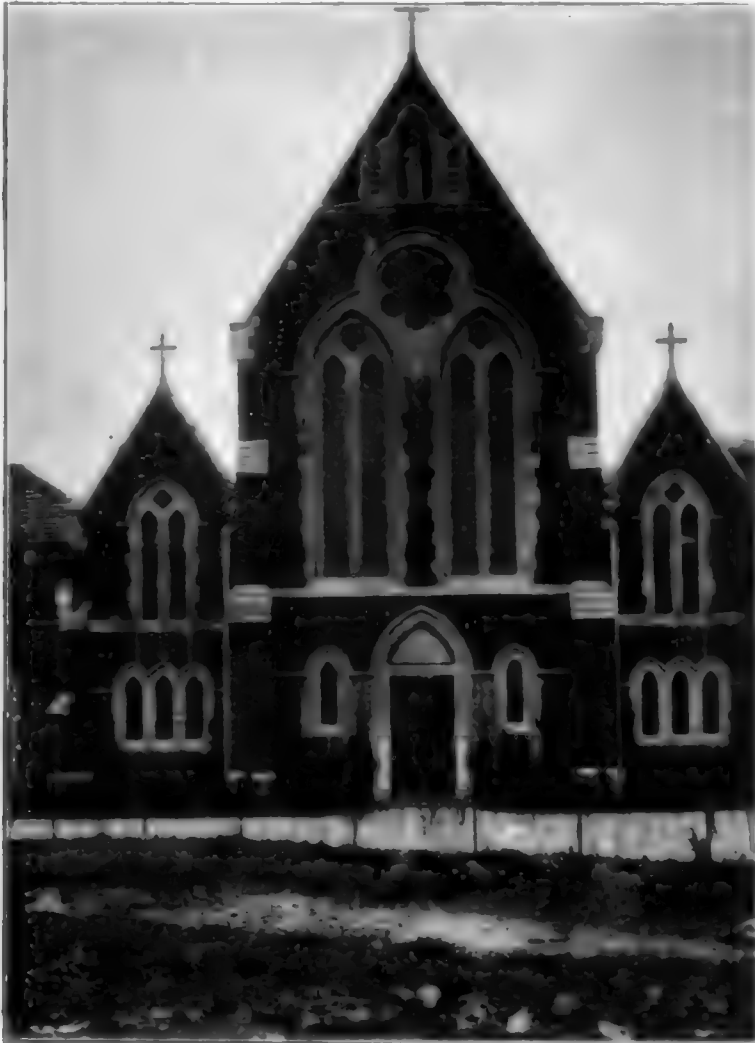
public claims for its motto the legend, *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, but it comes as the last of a long list of measures directed against religion in France which have gradually increased since the atheist faction first gained the upper hand there in 1880. Good nuns have been turned out of schools where for generations they had taught, gentle sisters of mercy expelled from hospitals, religious orders both of men and women taxed quite beyond their means and forcibly disbanded.

Naturally no Order has felt this harsh treatment more than the Observantes, and many have fled to Spain and some to Canada, where the *Par Britannica* ensured them tolerance and safety. Others turned their eyes towards England, and at that juncture a generous friend came forward in the person of the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle, who offered to build them a Friary and church at any place approved of by Cardinal Vaughan. The offer was gladly accepted, and the Cardinal fixed upon a spot at Woodford, which, although only nine miles from London, is most charmingly situated on the confines of Epping Forest.

An old country residence, with all the land around it, was purchased by the Duchess, and in May, 1895, the foundation-stone of the church was laid with much pomp and ceremony by Cardinal Vaughan, as shown in our illustration; the two clerics acting as deacon and sub-deacon in attendance on the Cardinal, and standing just behind him, are Franciscan friars. The very tall priest holding his Eminence's mitre is the Rev. Philip Fletcher, M.A., well known in Catholic circles as the founder and master of the Guild of Ransom, and socially as brother to Sir Henry Fletcher, the popular member for the Lewes divi-

sion of Sussex. The Cross-bearer is Father Miller, then in charge of the Church of the English Martyrs, Tower Hill, now Provincial of the Oblates in England. Immediately next to him stands Canon Scoles, the architect of the church. Another Franciscan friar and some acolytes complete the group.

have been provided by the Duchess, except the sanctuary lamp, which was presented by Count Torre Diaz; and the crucifix on the high altar, which was given by Mrs. Van Zeller. The "Stations of the Cross," fourteen views representing scenes in the passion of Our Lord which are always found in a



EXTERIOR OF CHURCH (WEST FRONT), ENTRANCE TO FRIARY ON LEFT, THE DUCHESS'S HOUSE ON RIGHT

Building operations progressed rapidly after the laying of the foundation-stone, and the church and Friary have now been finished some little time, but a wall has yet to be built round the premises in lieu of the existing fence.

Of the church, little need be said. If it is comparatively plain outside, its interior is beautiful and devotional in appearance. Practically all the fittings

Catholic church, are at Woodford made of painted terra-cotta in bas-relief, and cost in all £200. The side altars are all admirable, that of the Sacred Heart (of which we give a view) being enriched with an exquisite altar cloth worked by the Duchess in a manner that would more than do credit to an expert professional art needleworker.

At the back of the high altar is the

monk's choir, which connects the church with the Friary. The west end of the church is connected by a private entrance with the house already referred to, which, having been enlarged and renovated, is used by the Duchess as a residence for a considerable portion of the year. On the sunny afternoon in July when the writer visited Woodford, her Grace was entertaining a party of lady friends. The lady friends in question, it may be stated, were some of the aristocracy of

A Catholic woman who dared to set foot in the Friary proper would, *ipso facto*, incur excommunication; a friar who allowed such desecration would incur the same penalty. In only one instance is this rule abrogated. The Dowager Duchess of Newcastle is, on certain days in the year, allowed to go over the place she has built, and even to take a friend with her. This is a most unusual concession and was obtained direct from Rome.



LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF CHURCH BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL VAUGHAN, MAY, 1895

Whitechapel and the *élite* of Spitalfields. They had in some cases brought their babies with them, and were evidently thoroughly enjoying themselves.

To most people the Friary, from its very novelty, is of more interest than the church, and in being permitted to go over it the writer enjoyed the advantage of being one of the sterner sex. Women are not permitted to cross the threshold. They are allowed in the portion set aside for guests, and in the little rooms wherein the friars interview friends and parishioners—but no further.

Probably the first impression every visitor has of the Friary at Woodford is its spotless cleanliness. The floors are all so clean that one might as well eat one's meals therefrom as from the plain deal table, entirely destitute of such a luxury as a cloth, which forms the principal article of furniture in the refectory. Attached to the refectory is the kitchen, with its clean, red-tiled floor. Close by is the workroom, where all sorts of tools are provided and much of the furniture used in the establishment is made. On the occasion of the writer's visit one of

the Brothers showed with simple pride a birdcage he had just fashioned in which to place a thrush he had captured in the grounds.

The lavatory, which is fitted up in accordance with all the latest requirements of sanitary science, has in addition a quaint trough wherein the good friars wash their feet—a very necessary arrangement when sandals are worn. In the laundry all the washing in the establishment is done, except the altar linen, which is sent out to a laundress,

many of the copes and chasubles are indeed wonderfully beautiful. The chalices, in gold and silver, are also worthy of reverent inspection. These things, being used for the worship of God, are of the best. When you leave the Sacristy and proceed upstairs to the cells where the friars sleep, then again poverty and simplicity reign supreme.

There are cells for forty friars, although at present nothing like that number are occupied. Each cell, which is destitute of carpet or of any orna-



INTERIOR OF CHURCH DEDICATED TO ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY

so feminine aid is not absolutely eschewed even in this exclusive abode of masculine humanity.

The library already boasts of some 2,500 books—of a theological nature, of course. But secular literature is not quite banished, as copies of the current number of the *Daily Telegraph* and the local paper testified. A tasteful little altar is to be found in the Chapter Room, where conferences and spiritual meetings take place. In the Sacristy, which adjoins the monk's choir, some extremely handsome vestments are kept. Jewelled and wrought with fine gold,

ment, simply contains a plain washstand, a deal table, a chair, and a bed. The bedstead is made of two trestles, whereon three planks rest. The planks are covered by a straw mattress, and three blankets. On the same floor as the cells is the infirmary, the bath-rooms, and the shoemaker's shop where one of the Brothers makes the sandals worn by all.

The portion of the Friary set apart for guests is furnished quite differently, the bedrooms and sitting-rooms being most comfortable and well appointed in all respects. Nothing could better illustrate the absolute unselfishness of the

Franciscan Rule of Life than the contrast between the furnishing of their own apartments and of those they offer to others.

The Friary is flanked by a large kitchen garden under the supervision of one of the Brothers, who is to be con-

is none too much sent in, and then the kitchen garden supplies the bulk of the food. Moreover, no poor person is ever sent empty away. Any necessitous man, woman or child, Catholic or Protestant, may ring the Friary bell, state his or her case to the Brother who answers the call,



ALTAR OF THE SACRED HEART, WITH ALTAR CLOTH WORKED
BY HER GRACE THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE

gratulated upon the healthy appearance of his potatoes, peas, and so on. The need of a kitchen garden is manifest when the rule not to touch money is remembered. No collection is made in the church, parishioners and friends sending their gifts in kind, not in coin. Consequently it sometimes happens there is a surfeit of good things; more often there

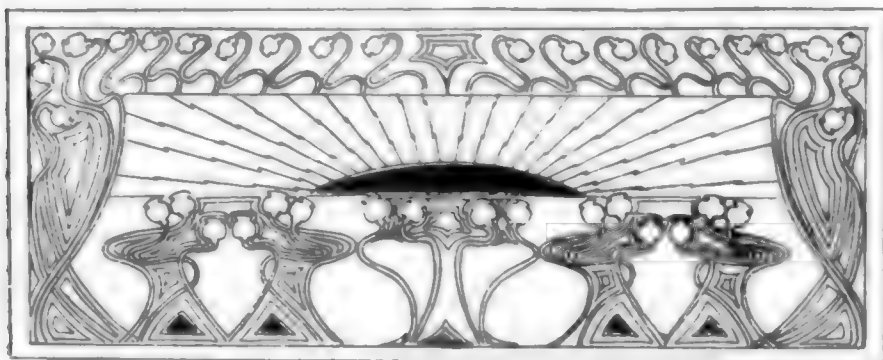
and receive through the *grille* a portion of bread and meat or cheese. If it were the last of the food in the Friary the poor applicant would receive it and the inmates go without. Occasionally last winter the good friars' resources were severely taxed; but the rule to relieve the poor binds the Order, and is religiously adhered to.

Now as to the life led by these Franciscan Fathers and Brothers. They rise, in the first place, at 1 a.m., and attend Matins and Lauds. They then return to bed, and rise for the day at 5, when they attend Prime and Terce. At 5.30 the Community Mass is sung, which all must attend. Afterwards, each of the Fathers says mass until 7, when breakfast is served. After breakfast the Brothers engage in their various avocations, the Fathers in study and parochial work until 11.30, when dinner takes place. At 2 p.m. Vespers and Compline are sung. The afternoon is spent in study and parochial work. At 6.30 all engage in meditation. Supper is served at 7.45, after which recreation follows until 9.30, when the silence-bell rings and all retire for the night. It must not be lost sight of that except during the short time in the evening devoted to recreation, the rule of silence is strictly enforced, no speaking whatever being permitted except under absolute necessity.

Of course, the district being a large one, and the Catholic population scattered, parochial work takes up a good deal of the Fathers' time. At first the sight of the friars, attired in their quaint, mediæval habit, dating as it does from the time of St. Bonaventure, caused considerable commotion, but the friars have already lived down any prejudice entertained against them. Now the Poor Clares, a religious Sisterhood who

likewise follow the rule of St. Francis, have also settled at Woodford, and actually rent a house from the Anglican vicar of the parish. They teach the girls and small boys belonging to the Mission. At present there is no proper school, but the Duchess, not content with all she has already done, has promised to build a school and parochial hall.

The Order of St. Francis, or Grey Friars, as they were once called, has given five Popes and over fifty Cardinals to the Church; it has added many illustrious names to the calendar of saints and to the long roll of martyrs. The Charterhouse and other stately buildings were built by the Order in England, and now after a lapse of three hundred years they have come back to this country to find that here, at all events, religious liberty is understood, and persecution for conscience' sake a thing of the past. All the French friars at Woodford evidence a lively gratitude to England for affording them a safe retreat after the cruel usage they have experienced in their native land. They demonstrated their gratitude on the occasion of her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee by erecting over their gateway a large ornamental design showing the British Royal Arms in the centre, with "God Save the Queen" on one side and "Domine, salvam fac Reginam nostram Victoriam" on the other; while over all the Union Jack floated side by side with the Papal flag.



"The Last Time"

WRITTEN BY J. J. BELL

ILLUSTRATED BY O. ECKHARDT

"**A**ND this is to be the last time," she said softly.

"The last time," he replied, not looking at her. "It could not go on for ever, you know; we would tire, and it is better to stop before that happens, isn't it?"

"O yes, much better, Phil, much better," she agreed. "Shall we have tea now?" she continued, "we are later than usual."

She rang the bell for boiling water. She never allowed the landlady to make tea for him. She laid the fringed cloth on the little table and placed it between them, and set out the quaint old china which he had given her a year ago when he began to become a constant visitor.

There was a plate of thin bread and butter, a dish of strawberries with the July sun upon them, and some cake—a special weakness of his which she had travelled west in the forenoon to procure. The flowers he had just brought her completed her arrangements.

Phil Denvers watched her silently, noting how quick and deft her fingers were, how gracefully she moved between the cupboard and the table. Her little rose mouth pursed so daintily as she surveyed her work, and her brown hair caught the gold glint of the late afternoon sun that forced its way through the dingy window. She never raised her eyes during her employment; only now and then the long lashes quivered. Perhaps she was a shade paler than her wont. The weather had been broiling of late, and the dressing-room at the theatre had been stifling these nights. An hour ago the temptation of her rouge-box had assailed her, but had been successfully resisted. She knew his ideas on such matters.

So Philip watched her; and if his lips were dumb, surely his heart was crying:

"O! Daisy, Daisy! if it were only possible!"

On the advent of the boiling water she spoke to the landlady.

"I shan't go to the theatre to-night, Mrs. Gubbs."

Mrs. Gubbs, whose bills had always been regularly and unquestioningly settled, bobbed her head and smilingly withdrew.

"This is awfully good of you, Daisy," said Denvers; "I know the risk you run in being off even one performance."

"I couldn't go when this was to be the last time," she said simply.

She poured out the tea, and the meal passed in idle talk, their own feelings being carefully avoided.

"Some more tea?" she questioned.

He was lying back in the easy-chair, and shook his head, handing her his cup. Somehow it slipped between their fingers, and the shell china dotted the floor with its fragments.

"I'm so sorry, Daisy," he cried.

"It doesn't really matter, Phil; it could never be used again." Her mouth trembled.

The "never again" pierced him.

"Daisy, come over here," he whispered.

She lifted the table aside, and went across and seated herself on the arm of his easy-chair. His hand slipped around her waist.

The window was open, and the screeching of bands of neglected children, mingled with the rattle and hum of traffic, rushed in upon them. They heard Mrs. Gubbs moving about in the kitchen, and from through the wall came the vamping of a harmony-forsaken piano. For a long time they did not speak.

He was wondering how he could ever have come to such a locality, to such a house—he, who had lived in luxury all his days, who had revelled in the little

refinements of his idle and wealthy society. He was wondering, too, how long it would take him to forget Daisy. There was a certain bitter-sweet satisfaction in breaking with her now; he was

interested him; moreover, there was a touch of the dramatic in "the last time." And yet he loved this girl, loved her as deeply as the cowardice bred in him would permit. His was not the cowardice

that trembles before the crash of cannon on the battlefield, but rather that which cringes before the pop-gun criticism of friends.

And she sat holding his hand against her bosom, and thinking what to-morrow would be like, and the next to-morrow, and all the to-morrows to come.

What a beautiful year had been the last to her—a white and golden flower set in the weedy garden of her life! And now the flower was to be wrenched from the soil that clung so lovingly around it, and the garden was to be given over again to the weeds. Not all, God help her! not all. The place where the flower had bloomed would surely be always sacred.

The man was the first to speak: "I brought you a keepsake, Daisy—something to remind you of me in a year or two when you have a better sweetheart."

"Don't, Phil, don't!"

"I got you pearls, dear, because I remembered you would

never take diamonds from me."

"Yes," she said, "diamonds are wicked; pearls are ——"

"Pure," he finished for her, putting the bangle on her wrist.

"Phil," she whispered, stroking his



"THIS IS THE VERY LAST TIME"

going to do his duty, and he felt a sensation of pleasure running through the pain which he was giving himself. Perhaps it was the first time in his smooth life that he had ever run counter to his inclinations, and the novelty of it

hair, "you know it was not what you could give me that made me care for you. You know that, don't you, Phil?"

"Yes, I know, dear. O, Daisy, Daisy, don't you know that I care for you, too? Don't you know—O, Daisy, what am I to do when I can't see you any more?"

He felt her quiver within his arm, and a great sob broke from her. He drew her down to him, nearer, nearer, until she lay on his breast. Her tears were on his lips.

When she grew calmer she whispered, "Tell me something about the woman you are going to marry, Phil. Is she good, is she pretty?"

"People call her beautiful, and—yes, she is good, a very good woman, Daisy. So utterly good that I can never love her; so good that she can never care for me any more than she would for the beggar on the streets. She is a woman, dear, who goes about doing good—or trying to, anyway. Our marriage is to be this day week."

She clung closer to him. "Dear, I didn't ever expect you would marry me"—the words shook her—"but I always believed you cared for me. And—and—would it be very wicked if you came to see me sometimes after—after—not often, you know, but perhaps two or three times in the year, just to let me look at you and see—O, no, no! Phil, I don't mean it. Forget that I said it. No, no, this is the very last time."

He could do naught but crush her to him with endearments and kisses. Why had he been such a fool as to tie himself to Mabel? He knew he did not love her; all through his courtship he had not even once kissed her. Caress was impossible with such a saint. Ah, if he had but the courage to snap the engagement. And yet—his people, his friends, and himself!

Daisy was speaking to him again.

"Do you remember the first time we met, you and I, at the supper given by the Americans? Do you know, Phil, I've never been to anything of the kind since I met you. I've never gone out anywhere except with you. And do you remember on the river one afternoon

the week after, when we had tied the boat among the trees, how you lay and talked to me and told me how you thought a girl should live. Ah, dear, I have kept every word you said. I thought then that I couldn't bear to exist so quietly as you said a girl should; but after all, it didn't come so difficult, because, Phil, I did care so much about you."

"Darling, darling," he sighed, but she went on.

"Yes, Phil, you gave the little second-rate dancing girl a long sermon that day—no, don't interrupt; I know I'm second-rate; I can never be anything else. I don't love the work enough; I don't love admiration and applause enough. O, Phil, I have no room, no time, for any love except love for you."

She went on calling up memories of days by the sea and on the river, little suppers after the theatre, Sunday evenings in the dingy parlour. The time slipped past. He had intended taking her out somewhere to dinner, but they had both forgotten about food.

The dusk began to gather in the room, and the noise from the street lessened, but still she talked on softly.

Denvers spoke little. Caressing her he lay and listened and thought—and thought. A tempest raged in his heart. Every word she spoke, every memory she recalled, intensified a passion—a longing to give up all the world for her.

By heaven! he loved her, he told himself over and over again; he would always love her, the tender, lovable little second-rate dancing girl.

She was silent now, and he felt her arms tighten round his neck. His face was drawn down to hers, and she kissed him in an ecstasy of pain. "Phil," she moaned, "my darling Phil; the last time—the very last time."

He roused himself, holding her from him, his eyes locked in hers. "No," he said, shaking; "no, Daisy, not the last time. There can be no last time for us. My love, my love, I cannot give you up." But she looked at him, not understanding. "Listen, dear," he went on rapidly, excitedly; "we will go away at once—away from this false, cursed London,

where men and women don't know what love is ; we will go away, and you shall marry me. O, my sweetheart, how little, after all, there is to give up!"

Her white face slipped forward and lay against his cheek. "Don't, don't tempt me so, Phil. I cannot do it; I cannot make all your life miserable."

"In pity, dearest, don't say it again."

But his heart was in flames.

"Daisy, you will, you must! We will go away at once—to-night," he cried; "the sooner the better." He thought a moment. "The midnight train for the North—anywhere away from here. Love is best of all, and love will guide us."

She broke into weeping, and he soothed and petted her as a frightened child. Ten o'clock came booming through the open window. He rose to his feet.

"Come, sweetheart, get ready. Don't take much with you, for you can get all you need to-morrow wherever we are. Come, we must go to my rooms first for money."

"Phil," she cried, "I cannot go with you to ruin you. Don't tempt me."

But in the end his words conquered her. Going to her room she attempted to remove the traces of tears from her face, and catching sight of herself in the mirror she wondered that one evening could age her so.

She picked out the quietest of her gowns and robed herself in it. In a few

minutes she rejoined him with a cloak and a tiny satchel.

"That's right, dear. I've left a note with money in it for Mrs. Gubbs," said Denvers. "Now, we must go, for there is little time."



"'I CANNOT GIVE YOU UP'"

They slipped into the street, where he hailed a hansom. He gave the man his address and seated himself beside Daisy.

During the half hour's drive westwards they spoke little, but their hands were tightly clasped one in another, and her hair often touched his cheek.

The hansom at last drew up, and Phil said, "I won't be more than ten minutes, dear. You will wait here for me, and then off for Euston!"

He rose to get out. The street was nearly empty.

"Phil, my Phil, before you go," she whispered, and he bent down and kissed her, saying, "You sweet little woman, your love is worth all the world."

Then he hastened up to his rooms to pack a bag and to supply himself with cash for the journey. There was no time to arrange about details; but what matter? Only to get away with his beloved.

"Euston, cabby, and hurry up!" he said to the man as he put his foot on the hansom step. "Well, Daisy, I haven't been——" But the place was empty. He battered on the roof. "The lady—where did she go?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but she stepped out just after yourself, and said I wasn't to wait for her."

"Go the way we came," cried Denvers, huskily. He felt a ghastly sickness creeping over him.

The driver urged his horse as ordered, through street after street, through which they had passed half an hour before, and then back again. Once more he turned his reeking beast, and they drove to Daisy's lodgings.

No, she had not returned.

"I will find her," said Phil to himself, as he paced his room in the dawn; "I will find her, if I have to search every nook and corner in London."

But he never did. Perhaps after the long, heavy sleep that followed all the misery and excitement of the night, he awoke and sighed to himself, "It is better as it is."

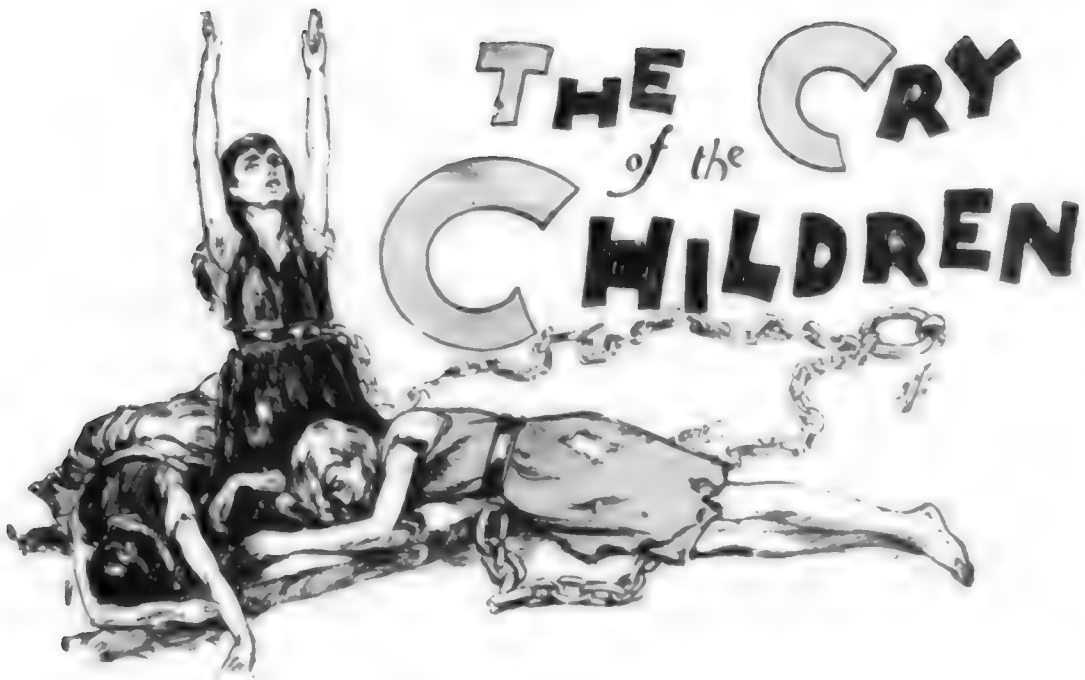
ARCADY

LITTLE maid of Arcady,
Arcady, beyond the sea :
Is your land so far away,
Farther than the East of Day,
Farther than the shores of Time,
Higher than my hope dare climb :
Is it all too far for me,
Heaven and you, in Arcady ?

The sunlit sea brings me your smile,
The breeze bears me your breath ;
And every wave that curls and dips
Is but the quiver of your lips
To give me Life or Death.
The sweet sea sings, the deep sea sighs,
The sun is shining from your eyes ;
I stretch my arms across the foam,
I seek your heart that is my home ;
I cry, and faint upon the sand,
You send a wave to kiss my hand ;
The whole world whispers lullaby.
And so I sleep, in Arcady.

Little maid of Arcady,
Arcady, beyond the sea :
Through the Dark and through the Day
Love at last has found his way ;
Soft I close my eyes and sleep,
And you come from out the deep,
Kiss and kiss my burning eyes,
Lull me into Paradise.
Let me dream eternally,
This is Heaven, and Arcady !

ALFRED S. ADEL



WRITTEN BY FRANK HIRD. ILLUSTRATED BY D. MACPHERSON

IV.—ARTIFICIAL FLOWER MAKING

*"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upwards, O our tyrants,
And your purple shows your path;
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath!"*

THE conditions under which little children are forced to work to supply our necessities are appalling, yet the same environment, the same beggarly wage is the lot of the little ones and their parents whose daily labour consists of meeting the unceasing demand for luxuries. It is one of the many ugly results of modern civilisation that a woman, each time she buys a new hat or a new bonnet or elaborate trimmings for her dresses, is unwittingly supporting the manufacturers in their sweating of women workers, who are, therefore, compelled to call in the aid of their children; and the craze for "bargains" which is the chief characteristic of all feminine shopping, has been respon-

sible for more misery, longer hours of work, and the constant and steady fall of wages than any of the economic reasons so glibly advanced to account for the increasing poverty amongst the large class that supplies the shops and warehouses devoted to the sale of objects of feminine adornment. These shops and warehouses employ a great army of women, but upon whatever description of work a woman may be engaged the story is the same—hours of labour out of all proportion either to the value of the amount accomplished or to the wages she receives. The bead-trimming, for instance, which is now so fashionable and which may be seen glittering upon the gowns and cloaks of almost every other

woman, either in intricate patterns or in one of the many forms taken by "beaded," "passementerie" or "sequin" trimming, is paid for at the rate of *five farthings for twenty yards*; whilst fur-trimming and the making-up of the commoner kinds of furs into boas, or

and wherever "bargains" are cheapest, they are offered through the exploitation of the labour of abjectly poor women who must force their children to aid them in the day-to-day struggle with starvation.

But the lot of the artificial-flower



"THE SCHOOL BOARD INSPECTOR"

capas or muffs, receives no better remuneration. Dress-making, whether the dresses be good or common, affords only a meagre livelihood, the ready-made gowns which are shown in drapers' shops rarely bringing the sewers more than two shillings or half-a-crown, a shilling for the skirt alone being considered a high price. The list is of a portentous length, but the application is the same,

maker is, perhaps, the hardest and the saddest of all those whose labour consists in supplying the trappings of femininity.

Artificial-flower making should be an art; it is a pitifully-paid slavery. In France a girl who elects to follow the industry, in the course of two or three years' training, is put in possession of an exhaustive knowledge of natural flowers

and botany. She is taught to imitate the work of Nature so accurately, so faithfully in foliage, in bud, in blossom, and in decay, that it is almost impossible to detect the artificial from the real. The English flower-maker, on the other hand, can, as a rule, only make certain portions of a flower, or perhaps one or two of the simplest kinds. She is taught to smudge aniline dyes upon pieces of cloth, silk, or calico that have been stamped with the shape of leaf or petal by machinery, and where the French operator lays tint upon tint with the greatest care, the English girl rubs a stumpy brush down the centre of a rose-petal and calls it "shading." Naturally, French artificial flowers command the highest prices in the market, the English caricatures being relegated to the cheaper shops where the demand is high, since they are ridiculously cheap and possess in colour all that they lack in verisimilitude.

The girls in our artificial-flower factories grow up into women, specialists in one or two processes, or in the making of one or two flowers. They marry, and the cares of a family soon prevent them attending the factory; but their earnings are necessary for the support of the home, and consequently they undertake to do the work away from the workshop. An increasing number of children, sickness, an idle husband, and all the evils that beset the path of the poor, in the majority of instances, speedily necessitate a larger income than a woman can earn alone, and gradually the little ones are initiated into the work, becoming in their turn specialists, and desperate fighters in the grim struggle for existence.

Every variety of flower is made in the sordid homes in the East End and in Southwark, the work being already stamped when given out from the factories or warehouses. Again the story is one of a few daily pence earned at the cost of feverish haste and the weariness of weak little fingers and of tired little brains. "Primullas," as the flower-makers call them, or primulas, are bought by the factories or middlemen at the rate of one shilling and threepence

per gross; cornflowers fetch one shilling and sixpence a gross, but as each of these flowers is provided with a bud, the so-called gross actually amounts to double that quantity. Roses fetch a higher price, making half-a-crown the gross, but violets are only three halfpence the gross.

It is inexpressibly saddening to discover that these reproductions of Nature—far away from the originals as they are in their blatant colouring and extravagant shape—should be made with such unceasing toil and in surroundings where the only knowledge that the little children have of flowers is gained from the caricatures that they make, day in and day out, of the treasures of the gardens and the fields.

Last summer a little girl of ten, who for the past two years had helped her mother to supply a large warehouse with countless gross of roses, was taken into the country for a short holiday by one of those admirable societies which are giving East End children glimpses of rural life and a few days' fresh air, both of which are too often unknown to the little toilers. On the morning of her arrival the child was taken round the garden of the cottage where she was to stay. She had never seen growing flowers before, and although her wonder was excited by the petals of the pansies—she thought they were "reel velvet"—and the scent of the pinks and the sweet peas, her eyes continually wandered towards a great rose bush that grew against the side of the house. It was one mass of blossom, and, her interest at last overcoming her shyness, she suddenly darted away from the lady who was showing her the garden, and ran to the rose tree. "These are much better than even mother can make," she said, rubbing the petals of an overblown blossom critically between her thumb and forefinger; "an' I don't believe my Aunt Sal, who is the best rose-and at —'s factory, could touch 'em. My! ain't they lovely?" Then she sighed regretfully: "I shan't ever be able to make roses like these 'ere. We ain't got no time to stick 'em together like this." She was silent for a little while, still



THE CHILD AND THE ROSE

rubbing the petals gently, and the lady took the opportunity of pointing out to her the perfection of Nature's handiwork. "Do you think as Gawd's riled with us for making them there roses so

bad?" the child asked anxiously. "Is is just lovely."

Poor little soul! She was utterly unconscious that she was expressing the tragedy of the lives of countless children

to whom roses and violets, and the floral wealth of garden and hedgerow only mean so many pence per gross, and hours of untiring work and application with numbed fingers and reeling brains. Young as she was, the brand of the worker who fights hourly with starvation had entered into her soul, and during the whole of her visit she could not overcome her awe and wonder at the beauty of the roses "as Gawd made."

In artificial-flower making the week's wages are perhaps a little higher than in the trades which have already been dealt with in this series of articles. One family known to the writer, consisting of a mother, grandmother, and three children aged respectively nine, six, and five, are able to earn on an average about eighteen shillings and sixpence a week. But their hours of labour are appalling. They all commence work at five o'clock in the morning, the children continuing with scarcely any intermission until nine o'clock at night, the two women working on until eleven o'clock. In these long hours they are able to make three gross of "primullas," or three gross of roses, or three gross of cornflowers, and on more than one occasion have made twenty-four gross of violets. "Some flowers is better paid than others," said the mother, "but you've got to take one with the other," and consequently when they are given roses by the middleman for whom they work they consider that they have been unusually lucky, since three gross of roses means seven shillings and sixpence for their day's labour—a day of eighteen hours! They provide their own dextrine, gutta-percha and goffering irons, and to heat the latter a fire must always be kept burning summer and winter. The expenses, exclusive of coal, are never less than sixpence; sometimes they are much higher, as certain flowers require more material. A loafing husband adds weekly sums to this bitterly-earned eighteen shillings and sixpence of from two to four shillings, but he cannot be relied upon to contribute anything to the support of his family, and his three children have to all intents and purposes taken his place as wage-earner. The

eldest child of nine is extremely delicate, but she takes the completed work to the middleman, whose shop is an hour's walk away; there she is frequently kept standing for three or four hours whilst the fresh work that she is to carry home is being stamped. As a rule "she is too ill to go to school," but she is never too ill to tramp through the streets in all weathers, or to take her part in the grinding labour of the family in which the two younger children also have an important share, for the average number of processes through which the simplest flower must pass is no less than twenty, and some of these the children accomplish entirely by themselves.

In addition to the misery and hardships entailed upon this family, and especially upon the three children, by these long hours, they suffer keenly at the hands of the middleman's forewoman, who is so utterly bad-tempered that she finds fault with every batch of work merely for the sake of finding fault and for the pleasure of exercising the authority she holds over these unfortunate people. Quite recently she refused to accept the whole of a large order of flowers that had been carried out by this family during a Saturday and Sunday—thirty-six hours' work—on the ground that the work was not properly done, and threw the many gross brought by the eldest child back upon the mother's hands, the children's names, of course, not being borne upon the books of the middleman. The statements made by these home-workers as to the actions of their employers cannot always be accepted without reservation, since they regard them in the light of natural enemies, and the verification of declarations made by the workpeople has been the most difficult as well as the most important part of the inquiries upon which these articles are based. However, in this particular instance, there can be no doubt as to the character of the forewoman, for the mother—desperate at the prospect of such a heavy loss—insisted upon seeing the middleman himself, and he passed and accepted the work without comment—work that his subordinate had con-

demned as badly executed. Had the decision of the forewoman gone unchallenged the three children would have been without proper food for several days, since the brunt of work or starvation always falls most heavily upon the little ones where there is a loafing and idle father.

And this is the story of thousands of

prepare the flowers for their intricate processes, and to resort to pitiful subterfuges to keep her children from school.

Fourteen hours' work a day would try the strength of the strongest man, but countless children—breathing vitiated air and living upon food that contains as little nourishment as it is scanty—uncomplainingly give these weary hours year



THE FOREWOMAN RETURNS THE FLOWERS

children. In this case the mother is kind, and "cleans her room when she has time"; but the needs of the family are even greater than her affection, and whatever she herself may wish, and however brighter she would make the lot of the three children under happier circumstances, she is compelled to wake the delicate girl of nine at five o'clock every morning, she is compelled to teach the child of five to twist the wires and

after year, to the labour that brings such a meagre, such a pitiful return. And the tragedy of it all is that the children see nothing unusual, nothing wrong in the bitter exactions made upon their tender bodies and fragile frames. It is the custom in their large world of pain and labour; and it is no uncommon thing to hear a mother say that a tiny mite, just able to walk, "hopes to be able to help in the work soon."



STUFF — AND NONSENSE.

BY
CLARENCE
ROOK

ILLUSTRATED BY S. H. SIME

"And much where we were in Twenty-eight
We shall be in Twenty-nine."

DO you remember that little poem of Praed's? It was written nine-and-sixty years ago, but it is quite as appropriate to the opening day of 1898 as it was to the first of January, 1829. With the pleasing pessimism of the writer, it suggests that the world goes round and round, but does not go forward; that the thing that

has been will be, and that, after all, one year is very much like another. And yet on this first morning of 1898 I am sure that many men have arisen with a secret hope that a new world as well as a new year has dawned for them. Though the distinction between December 31st and January 1st is a purely arbitrary one, there are, I imagine, few who do not feel, as they write 1897 for the last time at the head of their note paper, that Providence has given them another chance, that the curtain has been dropped on one scene, and that if that scene has gone poorly and with



FATHER TIME AND THE CARD HOUSE

but small applause, the next may prove brighter and perhaps save the whole play—in short, that if they are ever to live within their income, get up earlier

fresh date, a clean almanack and an unsullied book of engagements which cannot possibly contain the record of any missed appointment or wasted opportunity.

It is almost like starting life again with all your failures wiped out and only the resultant experience left. It would be ridiculous to determine on a reorganisation of life on, say, October 17th. The date kindles no enthusiasm, unless perchance it happen to be your birthday; and even then you miss the added stimulus of Society. A crowd, you know, is something more than the sum of its constituent individuals. And the consciousness that on this first of January you are surrounded by millions of people who are each and all determined to be better in the future than they have been in the past must certainly be of some assistance to you. Thus it is that New Year's Day makes an excellent spring-board for a plunge into a new life.



SILENUS AT THE SHRINE OF APOLLO

in the morning, give up smoking before dinner, drink less, work more, and live nobler lives all round, now is the time to begin. Nine men out of ten on this New Year's Day will be going forth with a grim resolve that their consumption of tobacco—which has increased and is increasing—shall forthwith be diminished. I wonder whether the tobacco-consumers notice any falling off of trade during the first week of each year?

There is, you must admit, something stimulative about a new year, with a

a sense of peculiar exhilaration at the sight of the clean sheet before me. There are several points in which I do not completely satisfy myself; and as I write in late November I am conscious of innumerable blots upon the page of 1897. But when I come down to breakfast on New Year's morning it will be joyful to reflect that whereas my bacon had grown cold in waiting on many, many mornings in 1897, I have as yet been late for breakfast only once in 1898. And when I walk forth into the crisp morning air and fill my pipe as I go, my heart

To me New Year's Day brings without fail

will give a bound of pride at the thought that during the whole of this year I have not spent a penny unwisely, and have done nothing which calls for a blush. So far as 1898 is concerned, I am a man without sin. It is a pleasant feeling, and one to be retained as long as possible. Till lunch, if it can be managed; but you should lunch early.

The worst of it is that life is so horribly continuous. You cannot paste down the back pages and start your story on fresh lines; you cannot jump off your shadow and cut yourself off from your past. Even though you leave discreetly your hat and coat on the bank of the Regent's Canal and book for Klondike under another name, it is still yourself and no other man who bolts over seas. The very headache that we have on New Year's morning is the last legacy of the dead year, left as a parting kick for our convivial joy at its going.

And yet I would by no means counsel you to refrain from the making of good resolutions. Make them, even though you have no hope, no intention, of keeping them. It is a very healthy winter exercise, and serves to remind you once a year that you have some sort of an ideal self in your eye to which you would like to approximate; and that instead of being a year's march nearer home you have only been making a silly ass of yourself. The man who believes that he has reached his ideal of con-

duct is the man who has lowered his ideal within very easy reach.

Which reminds me of a recent divorce case which has caused ill-considered merriment. A lady seeking divorce from her husband, a temperance lecturer, proved that, in addition to other shortcomings, he was habitually drunk. Whereupon the more alcoholic among newspapers shouted in triumph over the fact that a temperance lecturer was a drunkard, while the teetotal organs deplored it. Now, would it not be more kindly and more reasonable to rejoice that a drunkard was a temperance lec-



"RETRO ME, SATHANAS"

turer. Of course, he ought not to be a drunkard; but surely he would have done much more harm if he had, like the average drunkard, invited his fellows to have a glass along of him. As it was, he murmured to himself: "Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor!" and, having the best reason for knowing that drunkenness was an evil, he said so upon public platforms. We should respect him in

folk if our theories were no better than our practice—if we could not formulate a better plan of action than we are prepared to carry out. Plato, you may remember, held that the man who tells a lie knowing it to be a lie is in a far more hopeful condition than the man who tells a lie unconsciously, thinking it to be the truth. Similarly, it may be argued that the drunkard who knows

that inebriety is a horrible evil, and spends his sober intervals in persuading other people to avoid liquor, is certainly one degree better than the sot who has no ideas beyond self-indulgence.

Hypocrisy is, then, in a certain sense to be encouraged, for it is a little better than undiluted blackguardism. We will not encourage men to become inebriates, but when we find an inebriate who is also a temperance lecturer, we will rejoice at this small sign of grace. We do not want men to be burglars, but when we find a burglar who, like Charles Peace, is powerful in prayer, we will be glad that his

villainy is relieved by streaks of piety. We will continue to deprecate financial dishonesty; but instead of shouting "Hypocrite!" when a Jabez Balfour combines religion and philanthropy with the robbery of the widow and the orphan, we will welcome the proof that a bad man appreciates goodness and would like to be good himself if he only could afford it. For hypocrisy does not aggravate a sinner's offence; it is a redeeming feature. And the willingness of the spirit should be permitted to balance the weakness of the flesh.



S. H. SIMS

"AND THE DEVIL QUOTED SCRIPTURE"

that, slipping into the abyss himself, he had the unselfish impulse to warn his fellow-men off the edge.

People wrote of him, of course, as a hypocrite, and held him up to contempt. We do not treat hypocrites with sufficient respect, for in nine cases out of ten the hypocrite is simply a man who has set up an ideal which he cannot reach in practice; or, to put it inversely and unkindly, he doesn't practise what he preaches. Well, we should all be sorry

The Eccentricity of Lady Carristher

BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE. ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD SAVAGE

LADY ADELA CARRISTHER, the youngest daughter of the Duke of Forres, was certainly a little peculiar. Her own world said that to name her eccentric was to put too fine a point on it; that she was as mad as a milliner; and that the walls of a private asylum would sooner or later give hospitality to her person. Lady Carristher, however, went on her own way, and very prettily she went it, as half the young men out of *Burke* were prepared to swear, and quite half of the half were eager to swear, vows of a graver and more lasting nature. But she would have none of the young men out of *Burke*, and that was precisely why their mothers, their sisters, and their female relatives to the third degree were all convinced that my Lady Adela was very, very mad indeed. Not that she was, really, only very young, and as headstrong as five generations of hunting forebears could make her. For she had a dear, dear uncle—the black sheep of the family, of course—and when he told her that a pedigree was a family upas tree, she believed him; when, further, he observed that a title was little more than a bundle of hereditary drawbacks, she clapped her two little aristocratic hands together, and laughed till the tears came. Now the Wicked Uncle of fact was not at all like the Wicked Uncle of fiction; he was a remarkably good sort, in fact, but he sapped his niece's class prejudices by lending her economic treatises, and by talking the strange tongue of the tub-thumping enthusiast. It amused him, he was wont to say in self-defence, and it wouldn't do Adela the least harm in the world; but it is a mistake to assume that anything won't do harm to a young, and pretty, and headstrong girl, and Lady Adela Carristher took most of his teaching for gospel.

They were out in the Park one day, Adela and the Wicked Uncle; it was quite the wrong time of day, and they had the Row almost to themselves. And the Wicked Uncle was just in the middle of telling Adela how well she sat her bicycle—a fact of which she was entirely aware—when unto them appeared a Youth, whose face loomed outward, as it were, from a thicket of untutored hair. The Youth had a soul above bicycles—that was why he usually contrived to get in their way—and he did not notice his friend, the Uncle, until they were close upon him. "What a charming man! Do tell me, Bunny, who he is," cried my Lady Adela, noting the Youth's elaborate bow.

"He? O, he's a great light down East—man with a mission—once kicked a hole through the bottom of a tub, and all the people cried, 'This is a god!' Smart young man, very; particular chum of mine."

"Now, Bunny, you are 'rotting' me, to use your own elegant phrase. You never can be serious two minutes together. He had the wrong shade of green in his tie: is he really a Socialist?"

"Honour bright; once carried a 'Death or Glory, and Down with the Police' flag. Got run in for something or other that day; jolly good thing for him, for his hair would have been creeping into his boots by this time if he hadn't been cropped at the State's expense. Objects to paying for a cut; says we want a free breakfast table and free barbers. Heard enough about him, or shall I go on?"

"No, thanks. I don't care what you say about him; he is a charming man, I think—would be at any rate, if——"

"Soap and water, eh?"

"Exactly. But they're very superficial things after all, and I want to know

him. I shall get off my bicycle here and wait till you bring him up to be presented. There's lots of time to catch him."

"Here, I say, Addy! Dash it all, don't you know—a bit—er—thick, isn't it?"

My Lady Adela leant her bicycle tenderly against the rail. "You said he was a particular chum, Bunny."

"So I did—er—but——"

"And your chums should be mine; you're great on the equality of the sexes, you know."

"Well, yes—only ——"

"Bunny, do you know what it means when I make up my mind?"

The Wicked Uncle glanced at Adela, and he saw a look in the tail of her eye that he knew quite well enough for all practical purposes.

"Lord, yes!" he responded. "I'm off, Addy. That's he, isn't it, gazing over the rails there? An easy-going man, a headstrong woman, and the deuce to pay. Confound my Socialist friend!" he muttered, as he went in pursuit.

The Youth was very sensible of the honour conferred on him, very eager to show that he wasn't. But he warmed to Adela's sympathy, and he gave her a fervid exposition of his views. The Wicked Uncle early in the discussion decided that it made him tired, and fell to admiring the flower-borders; he was also praying that nobody out of *Burke* would chance that way, and wondering how he could have been such an ass as to give way to a girl's silly fancy.

"He's more in earnest than you, Bunny," observed Adela, as they rode home. She had left the Youth a liquid glance at parting, and he had repaired to the nearest bar to dilute it with gin; he didn't want the gin, of course, but he had no head for taking titled glances neat.

"Shouldn't wonder—has his living to get: makes a fellow serious, that sort of thing," responded the Wicked Uncle.

A pause. My Lady Adela was wearing a new-found air of purpose, not unmixed with the superiority which is hand-maiden to a purpose. "We are living in squalid luxury, you and I, uncle."

"Eh?—certainly; dashed squalid, if you ask me. We do wash now and then, though, don't we?"

"Now you are being brutal—sarcastic, you would call it—just because he's ever so much cleverer, and more poetic, and fuller of ideals, than yourself. For shame, Bunny!"

"I am ashamed, awfully, Addy," he said, with the most cheerful of grins. "Proceed. Squalid luxury was the last."

"Yes, and—the fact is, I'm *going to cut it*."

"The deuce! Addy, a joke's a joke, but I'm hanged if I see you any further on *that* road. You don't mean that you intend ——"

"To go down to one of those sweet, poetical homes for the destitute where everybody loves his neighbour dearly, and the drunkard grows sober directly he's been taught that useless luxuries are a tax on the commonwealth, and——"

"Phew!" observed the Wicked Uncle. "I said there would be the deuce to pay, Addy, and there will. I wash my hands of you."

"That's mean, Bunny, and not what I should have expected of you; but it doesn't make any difference. I'll fight you, and I'll fight the family, and I've got the address of the Home in my pocket; it's just off the Mile End Road, and we shall dine off baked potatoes from the barrow at the corner. O, yes, I have quite made up my mind."

Bunny cast about in his mind for some argument appropriate to the occasion: it was easy to see, knowing Adela as well as he did, that she had framed one of her immutable resolves. But no light came, and he had to fall back on feeble irony.

"Is the young man with the green necktie a resident at this particular Home?" he queried, fixing his glass a little more firmly in the left eye.

"O, yes, he is there, and plenty of others like him: they are all poets and things down there, he tells me; isn't it sweet of him to admit that the rest are as nice as himself?"

"Very; it says such a lot for 'em. So you've squarely made up your mind, Addy?"



"HE CONTRIVED TO GET IN THEIR WAY"

"Yes, squarely."

"Have you calculated the odds against you? Item, one Duke."

"Hard, but I can manage him."

"Item, a mother, several aunts, and three brothers."

"All tractable, if one only wearies out their patience. I shall begin, you see, by asking to be allowed to earn my living as a ballet-girl, and they'll look upon it as quite a victory if they compromise with me on the Destitute Home question. You're not against me, Bunny, are you, dear?"

"By Jove! no," cried Bunny the susceptible. "You're too clever by half. In you go and win, Addy; and when you get too dull for words down East, send for me to use language for you. I'll be delighted, I'm sure."

So Lady Adela Carristher did "go in

and win." The old Duke, when his daughter proffered her solemn request that she should be allowed to adopt stage-dancing as a profession, went nigh to choke himself with wrath. "Monstrous, child! Monstrous! You're a Duke's daughter, confound you!—and no one could guess it from your harum-scarum ways. A Duke's daughter, do you hear? Do you think I'm going to let every red-nosed loafer in town have the privilege of seeing you dance a *pas sau* by paying sixpence?"

"A shilling, dear, would be the least at any hall where I danced," said Adela gently.

"A shilling! That's good; upon my soul that's good! Lady Adela Carristher

to-night! Great attraction! A shilling will see you through if you don't care to pay more. Addy, you're a treat."

"I know so little about these things"—deprecatingly, with a pretty flutter of the eyelashes on the cheeks—"but is your language quite ducal, dear? Wouldn't something of this kind be better?—'Hence, avault, thou that dost shame thy house. Lost daughter of a blameless sire, wouldest thou drag down the name of Forres to the dust, where churls might kick it as they passed to toil.' More in that style, don't you think? But really, 'Addy, you're a treat' is a little too bald."

The Duke of Forres tried to look dignified, but failed; he was constrained to laugh outright. "Look here, Addy, what the mischief is your point in wanting to take up dancing? I'll give you an extra three hundred if you're short of pin-money; I'll——"

"It isn't that, dear. It's just the sheer fun of the thing I want."

The Duke hastily reviewed some of his own early tastes and wondered if modern theories of heredity were being proved in the person of his daughter. *The sheer fun of the thing*; it was sad that such instincts had not been confined to his sons. "Is there nothing else you would like to ask? Anything in reason I will give in to; you know that I hate to cross you," he said, tenderly.

My Lady Adela furtively wiped a tear away and came and sat by her father's chair with one hand on his knee. "Yes, I know," she murmured. "I've been thinking it all over lately, and I've decided that if I can't take my pleasures very gaily, I must take them very, very sadly to make up for it. Extremes meet, and I daresay I'll get as much out of it."

"Well, I'm glad it strikes you that way, Addy. It will be a lot pleasanter for the family."

"I want to lift the family, dear."

"Er? *Lift* it? You can't, unless you're aiming for the crown."

Adela looked like an early martyr; she managed a resigned pose admirably. "Not in worldly rank, but on the scroll of charity, dear father. Nobility is only

noble when it sweeps the gutters, as a very nice young man observed to me not long ago."

"My hat, Addie, but you don't mean to sweep a crossing!" cried the practical-minded Duke, roused out of all conformity to the rules of polite diction.

"Only metaphorically. You've heard of the Mile End Road, haven't you? Well, there is a haven of refuge there for the needy, the destitute and the crippled; I want to enter it."

"Which as, eh?—a needy, a destitute or a cripple?"

"As a worker: my money will go to the Home, my services to its inmates."

"Humph! sounds fishy—and rather thin for you; I can't quite see where you come in, Addy."

"I give the unearned increment, and I take the ennobling toil; a sweet exchange, dear, when one has swept the mind of its vanities."

"Yes, but, look here, child, isn't all this a bit sudden? First, a ballet-dancer, and then three days afterwards a sweeper of crossings—no, I mean, of vanities—or of minds, or something. To speak plainly, Addy, you're a trifle too versatile."

"Then you refuse me this, too?" A little tear trickled in at the left corner of her mouth.

"Not if you mean to cry. Go, and welcome, only don't be hurt if I laugh when you return at the end of a week."

"I wonder if it's wicked to humbug one's father?" mused Lady Adela Carrither, after he had left her. "Surely not; the end justifies the means, and it's lovely to think of being philanthropic, with a soft-eyed poet to show one what to do and how to do it. Only I wish," and she glanced round ruefully at the little evidences of squalid luxury which surrounded her, "I wish he cleaned his nails." She alluded, not to the Duke, her father, but to the poet.

On the evening of the day which saw her installed at the Home for the Destitute, the Wicked Uncle dropped into his club for dinner. Lord Ullsmere, a particular favourite of his, chanced to be dining there, too, and Bunny took his place opposite him. "Heard the latest

about Adela?" queried Bunny, in between two spoonfuls o' soup.

"Yes, worse luck. Why the dickens did you let her?"

"Couldn't help it, dear boy. Don't worry, she'll soon tire."

against us feeble people who sit in clubs and drink dry Monopole."

"Specious, I'll be bound—humph—why did I choose just Adela to fall in love with? It's hard—jolly hard, I call it. She's just that sort, you see," went



"HE APPLIED HIS MOUTH TO THE OPENING"

Ullsmere choked on a pellet of bread. "Any men in the beastly hole?" he sputtered.

"Lots. They wear marvellous ties, and they belong to the unbarbered brotherhood, and they are banded

on Ullsmere, chaotically; "they'll spout poetry and that kind of dashed tomfoolery to her, and she'll believe every word of it. Adela runs that way; she's as smart as paint in some ways, and yet she'll believe any rot that's going if it's

only told her seriously enough. Look here, I've cared for Addy ever since she was as high as this table, and I mean to go down in a hansom to what-you-may-call-it street and wreck that Home for the Destitute. Will you see me through?"

"Cheerfully, if you'll keep Addy out of the blow-up. I'm by way of Socialism myself, as you know, but when it comes to—— I say, Ullsmere!"

"Well?" queried the other gloomily.

"Can't we hit off something between us? Don't let's allow these beggars to have things all their own way."

"Don't see it quite. Addy, you know, has always had that crank for the *bourgeoisie*. You, or somebody, has trained her to believe that a lord is a fool, and a commoner a Galahad. She swears she'll marry an artisan one day, and, by George! I believe she'll do it."

Bunny held up his wine to the light and peered through it—a habit of his when unduly perplexed—and shifted the glass in his left eye. Then an idea struck him, and he smiled like a seraph of elderly proportions.

"Got it, my boy!" he chuckled.

Lady Adela Carristher found the first few days at her new abode pass comfortably enough. The poet whom she had met in the Row was bringing out a volume of "Verses to the Unvarnished," and he craved advice in the correction of the proof-sheets. The verses were certainly like Walt Whitman on a penny steamer, but Addy thought them wonderful; the poet's eyes, too, were fine, as he declaimed the best passages for her benefit. But the drunkards weren't nice, and the food palled after a very brief interval. Addy was in two minds whether to fall in love with the poet, by way of helping-on time. He had assured her, by indirect methods of proof which were incontestable, that he belonged originally to the semi-submerged fraction of the populace, and there was therefore no impediment of birth to stand in the way. But the two minds had not been fused into one before a unique experience offered itself. She was leaning out of her window early one morning, languidly watching the passers-

by, when a baker's boy came up to the door and knocked. Addy was never very long in making her resolutions, and she loved that baker's boy dearly from the start: he seemed too old to be a boy, too young to be very much of a man, and he was exceeding fair to look upon. It was better, felt Lady Adela, with a sudden democratic fervour, that she should marry a straightforward son of toil; the poet might yet, by means of his verses, win a way to the homes of squalid luxury, and that would be too hateful. And that the poet would pursue such a way if he got the chance, she felt certain. At any rate, it could do no harm to have the baker's boy up to share the breakfast for which he had at that moment-brought the rolls. It was fitting that the workers should share the fruits of toil. She ran lightly down the stairs; the baker was slinging his empty basket on his arm, preparatory to departure. Addy noticed that he was attempting to prolong his interview with the girl who answered the bell, and this added flavour of *bourgeoisie* pleased her mightily. "To think," she mused delightedly, "that this boy with a basket"—an alliterative touch picked up from the poet—"that this boy may stride, in a few steps, from courtship of a servant to the wooing of a peeress. What a theme for my poet!" Addy was horribly proud of her birth still, though she never confessed it even to herself.

"Baker's boy," she said, softly, stepping to the threshold, "would you care to come upstairs and have breakfast with me?"

His eyes sought hers with a look that was hauntingly familiar, then dropped. He shuffled his feet uneasily, one over the other, and back again. He pulled a ragged forelock. "Thank you, ma'am, but I'm scarcely used to the ways of the likes of you."

"Foolish boy! If I ask you to breakfast, I ask you as a sister, as one who is truly your equal, in toil, in hardship, in ——"

"O, my!" sniggered the girl in her rear.

"Then bang me if I don't come!" cried the baker.

"Spoken like a man. That's right;

use your own speech, and eat with your fingers if you like. It's liberty hall here."

"You're doocid condescending, ma'am, and I likes yer," observed the baker, succinctly.

A second plate was laid in Adela's room. Boiled eggs, Finnan haddock, bread, butter, and coffee constituted the meal. My lady thought it a trifle inadequate—a hardship, in fact—but the eyes of the baker's boy grew round with wonder. "You'll pardon me, ma'am, if I tells yer I ain't had a reg'lar, square meal like this come three year last Christmas, when the dear old folks at home—what's dead now, saving your presence—spent the last of their little savings in a grand bust-up. It were a feed, that—a *beauty*! It makes my mouth water only to think of it."

"And the old folks are dead? Poor, poor boy. You're from the country, I imagine, from your speech?"

The baker's boy turned his head, as if to smuggle away a silent tear; his very shoulders shook with the passion of his grief; Adela was most awfully sorry for him. "Yes—es, ma'am, from the country."

"You mustn't call me ma'am. Call me sister; it will sound more natural in this home of equality."

"Eh, but I daren't! Sure, it's a liberty I'd be taking."

"And liberty we all take here. Sit down and eat your fill, brother: you must be starving."

There was a napkin on Adela's plate, and on the baker-boy's. This was a little luxury which the new disciple of progress could not bring herself to forego. The boy took up his napkin, and paused irresolute; his eye sought Adela's, and again she was awfully sorry for him. Finally, he tucked it under his chin, and his hostess, watching him with a politely far-away—albeit curious—eye, noted for the first time that he was not so young as she had thought him; his chin, despite a recent shave, showed dark against the white. This was odd, in view of his fair hair, with its boyish curls. He took an egg from the stand and half raised his spoon. Then, seeming to think better of it, he made a little hole

in one end with a prong of his fork and applied his mouth to the opening. "From the country," he murmured apologetically, as he watched Adela neatly chipping her own egg.

"Of course," said Adela hurriedly. "I prefer them that way myself."

"Do you, now, ma'am?"

"Sister," she corrected gently.

"Do you, sister? P'raps you'm from the country yerself, and takes 'em as we does, warm from the nest."

"Yes, brother. What county do you come from? I've been puzzling to make out."

"From—from—Worcestershire, ma'am—sister."

"Ah! I never was in Worcestershire." The face of the baker's boy showed unaccountable relief. "Tell me about it, please."

The baker's boy did tell her about it—a good deal. He waxed eloquent on the topic of spring chickens, enthusiastic in the matter of Michaelmas geese, tenderly retrospective as he pictured the wattled tiles that overhung his parent's roof-tree. Adela retired into her napkin from time to time, but she declared at the end that he had a beautiful soul and a poet's eye.

Lord Ullsmere dined that night with Bunny, the Wicked Uncle. "Well, how did you get on?" was Bunny's greeting.

"Ripping! I say, I had no idea poor Addy could be so easily fooled. I did it confoundedly badly, if you ask me, and she took it all down like milk. I'd no end of luck: just as I was trying to get the maid to tell me something about the dear girl's goings and comings, who should run down but Addy herself—Lord, but she's beautiful! You've no idea how——"

"No, I haven't, and don't want to have. Let's have the yarn."

"Well, she asked me up to breakfast and rotted no end about equality. I nearly pulled off my wig in touching a civil forelock; it'd have been all up with equality, you bet, if the wig *had* come off. But it didn't, and we went upstairs to breakfast. It's odd, if you come to think of it, how obvious our ways of



"'I'M THAT BAKER'S BOY'"

feeding are, and how hard it is to invent fresh ones. Napkin under the chin—that isn't very striking, eh? The old Johnnies at the restaurants do it. I pulled off a winner when it came to the eggs, though; what do you think I did?"

"Couldn't guess."

"Sucked them through a hole in the spout, by Jove!"

"They weren't hard-boiled, then?"

"No, as light as could be. I told you I had luck. But the accent bothered me most of all. I made a regular pot-pourri of all the dialects I'd ever come across, and once I switched on an Irish brogue by mistake. But, bless you, Addy never smelt a rat—asked me as

natural as could be what county I came from. It was a tight place while it lasted, but luck carried me through again: I thought of the sauce, don't you know, and owned up to Worcestershire. The dear girl hadn't been there, and I felt free as air when I had to romance about my dear old folk under sod."

"It's working, it's working," chuckled Bunny. "Are you invited to any more meals?"

"Yes, breakfast to-morrow. Say, Bunny, you've done me a good turn and no mistake. It gets one up horribly early, but what does that signify when Addy's at stake?"

"Not a red cent. You're all right.

dear boy. Ask me to the wedding, won't you, if Addy's people fail me?"

Some weeks later the baker's boy, having deposited his loaves in due course, was about to make his way upstairs with a view to one of the *tit-a-tit* breakfasts which had now become a recognised feature of Adela's day. He was confronted by a youth in a green tie. "Look here, my lad," said the youth, with a lofty countenance, "what the dickens do you mean by aspiring to the higher levels?"

"Upstairs you mean?" queried the baker's boy, with country sharpness.

"No, yokel, I mean to higher social levels. You breakfast daily with the lady on the first-floor front."

"Your pardon, young sir, but there are no ladies and gents in this quarter. It's the home of liberty, this 'ere is, and I'm as good as the lady in the first-floor front."

"This is childish, my lad, childish. Equality there may be, but limits there assuredly are. I beg you to return to your proper sphere, where you will doubtless be happier——"

"O, you're jealous, are you?"

The poet reddened. "I fear no foe——"

"In shining armour—exactly. But I'm late for breakfast already, and you must kindly let me pass."

"Not so!" cried the poet, in his finest manner. "I defend my lady's stair against all comers."

The baker's boy answered never a word, but he took the poet by the nape of his unwashed neck and kicked him into the street. My Lady Carristher was looking from her window at the moment, and she smiled to see her quondam ally's plight. "I have something to say to you," she said to her baker-boy when breakfast was over.

"Sure and it's meself will be flattered—curse that brogue," he muttered, *sotto voce*.

"You won't be startled, or—or shocked, will you?"

"Not likely, ma'am—sister."

"Baker's boy, I love you—love you very dearly, very truly. If you have any

notion of things at all, you will take me in your arms and kiss me."

So the baker's boy did, and Adela found her democratic home within the strong arms of a son of toil.

It was the next night that Adela, the Wicked Uncle, the Duke of Forres and Lord Ullsmere all dined together in a private room at the Savoy. The Duke looked satirical, Ullsmere nervous, Bunny very well satisfied with himself. "I feel in a mortal funk," whispered Ullsmere to his comrade. "Adela means to own up to the whole business; I can see it in her eye."

Dessert was on the table when Adela coughed in a stereotyped way that betokened disclosures. "You are here to-night, gentlemen, at my invitation," she began. "I am very glad to see you here, because I have a confession to make. During the past few weeks I have been in the habit of breakfasting with a baker's boy who supplies our Home for the Destitute with loaves. I have grown to love that baker's boy, as being a very perfect gentleman, a gentleman of tender and loyal sympathies——"

"Here, Addy, this is going too far," spluttered the Duke.

Lord Ullsmere squirmed in his chair.

"In your turn, your Grace," said Adela, with dignity. The Duke sat down again. "Yesterday morning, in the cold hour of reason that follows breakfast as surely as day follows night, in the light of plain common-sense, I repeat, I proposed to that baker's boy, and felt his virgin kisses warm upon my lips."

Lord Ullsmere was trying to twist himself into knots. The Duke looked impossible thunders. "Good for you, chicken!" cried Bunny, enthusiastically.

She gave him a quiet smile of approval. "You, I was sure, would be with me in my struggle to elevate the East to the West, to place the gutter-snipe on the priceless chairs of squalid luxury."

"Hold hard!" interrupted Ullsmere. "I'm no gutter-snipe."

My Lady Adela frowned upon him. "Silence, sir, till I have done. The marriage is at present dependent upon

the exigencies of the baker-boy's calling, but I do now most solemnly declare that, whenever he comes to claim me, I will be his forthwith by special licence."

With a mighty whoop, more suited to the prairie than to the decorous atmosphere of the Savoy, Lord Ullsmere rose to his feet. "I'm that baker-boy!" he cried.

Adela let her glass fall with a crash: she looked the outraged heroine to perfection. The waiter appeared at the door. "Did you call, sir?" he asked at large.

"Yes, Heidsieck," said Bunny, quietly.

The wine was brought and their glasses refilled. Adela lay back in her chair and laughed till her sides ached. The three men looked interrogation notes. "So you thought you had taken me in, little baker-boy?" she said.

Ullsmere collapsed.

"Addy," said the Wicked Uncle, "will you own up, honour bright, just when you first recognised him?"

"No, I won't! That is my own little secret, and I mean to keep it."

The Duke came slowly out of his perplexity. "You're like a will-o'-the-wisp, Addy; will you explain yourself a little more fully?"

"Yes, dear, even if I have to blush most unbecomingly in the telling. I was always in love with—with the baker's boy, ever since we were children together; but you were all so keen on the match, and I hated it. I tried all kinds of dodges to get away from my—my liking for—for the baker's boy, and at last I went down East. I had my chance there, and I took it. It would never have done to come back tamely and let you know how sick I grew of the democracy: so I just followed my instincts, as I couldn't have done a few miles further West, and I—proposed to the—the baker's boy."

"Fooled the lot of us, by Jove!" murmured Bunny, the Wicked Uncle.



PELICANS

Photo by H. C. Shelley

The Sunday Newspaper World

WRITTEN BY A. WALLIS MYERS. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS



SUNDAY newspapers, with the exception, perhaps, of one or two, are essentially the working man's press. Ask a Battersea navvy or artisan on a Saturday night to give you a brief *résumé* of the week's news and he cannot; ask him twenty-four hours afterwards and he will tell you every important item in a quarter of an hour—he has read his Sunday paper after his Sunday dinner. It would be out of place here to deal with the question, often brought up by the Lord's Day Observance Society and kindred organisations, whether it is desirable to fill a man's mind on the Sabbath with a load of secular reading; suffice to say that the intellectual stimulus thereby gained is by no means small, and goes a long way towards improving that man's education.

The origin of this class of journalism dates back as far as 1801, when the *Weekly Dispatch*—then simply the *Dispatch*—was instituted by a Mr. Bell, who was an energetic though not over-capitalised printer in Bride Lane. Want of money on the part of the original proprietor gave an entrance to other shareholders, which, however, lead to difficulties, causing the appearance of three *Dispatches* in the field at one time—Bells', Kent's, and Duckett's; but the last two were short-lived, and Mr. Bell maintained his position. In those days the *Dispatch* was essentially a sporting paper with a great predominance of boxing matters; and we are told that the then editor, Mr. Samuel Smith, owing to some remarks which he had written, received a severe thrashing from a famous member of the ring. Passing shortly

afterwards into the hands of Alderman Harmer, the journal came rapidly to the front, many famous writers in those days, including Fox and Searle, being associated with it. In 1857 the *Dispatch* commenced the publication of its famous atlas, giving away a good map weekly for about five years, while the price was reduced from fivepence to twopence at the beginning of 1869, and to a penny in 1870.

A short time ago the *W. D.* was secured by a company, in which Sir George Newnes is the principal shareholder. Since then its progress towards recovery from bad times in the eighties has been noticeable. Several new features have been introduced—special attention being given to articles upon current events, fiction by popular authors, including George R. Sims, who writes a batch of a serial weekly, athletics and sport. The present editor is Mr. C. J. Tibbits, an Oxford man, who, after experience in various provincial weeklies, came to London as a free lance; then joined with the Harmsworth ring, and was associated during four years with that firm's extraordinary success. Mr. Tibbits was appointed editor of the *Dispatch* when the journal came into new hands, and under him the various changes have been effected, once again placing it in the forefront of enterprising weeklies.

The *Observer*, which was established soon after the *Dispatch* and which now claims to be the only newspaper published on Sunday containing the latest foreign news, has had a fluctuating career, and the mere fact that its present price is twopence makes it more or less a medium for the higher classes. Consequently the drama, racing, financial and society news are special features. Mr. Frederick Arthur Beer, educated at Magdalene College, Cambridge, is the

proprietor and editor, and has been since 1881, when he inherited the property from his father. Mr. Beer is a great traveller, and has seen practically all the



MR. C. J. TIBBITS (WEEKLY DISPATCH)
Photo by J. P. Scannell

world, visiting Khartoum just before the siege and gaining much information, which he afterwards published. His favourite pastimes, when not actually journeying, may be said to be racquets, golf and billiards.

In 1842 *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, now circulating over a million copies weekly, first saw the light. It was established by Mr. Edward Lloyd for the purpose of providing a cheap newspaper for the working classes, which should supply a means for discussing week by week the social and political reforms that were then agitating the political mind. The eight pages of *Lloyd's* first issue, containing 24 columns in all, could only then be produced for twopence in a laborious way. One side of the paper was printed at a time, so that each sheet had to be "laid on" and "taken off" from the machine twice, a process which, compared with the rapid machinery of the present time, meant the expenditure of much time, and consequently the loss of a considerable sale. The copies then had to be counted up by hand and packed into quires, the newsagents subsequently folding the single sheet. Now, under Free Trade, the public have for a penny the edition of *Lloyd's*, consisting of 24 pages and

144 columns, besides numerous illustrations depicting the principal events of the past week. Small wonder is it, therefore, that the actual sale of the paper each week averages at the present time 1,050,000 copies—a circulation which, of course, stands first in the field.

Lloyd's has had about half a dozen editors. Mr. Ball was the first, then came Mr. William Carpenter, author of several books, religious and otherwise. He was followed by Douglas Jerrold, who assumed the head after the failure of *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper*. Jerrold was an able, conscientious editor, who manifested great pride and interest in the paper, and on his death, in 1857, his son Blanchard took his place. He was responsible till 1884, when Mr. Thomas Catling, the present hearty and hale editor, took his place. Mr. Catling, now fifty-nine years of age, is no novice at his work. He was sub-editor before he was editor, reporter before that, and printer before that. Consequently he has had a large experience in all departments, and even now he frequently supplements the work of his representatives by his own investigation. The story bears repeating of how



MR. F. A. BEER (THE OBSERVER)
Photo by G. W. Bradshaw

when Mr. Catling went down to the police-station on the occasion of a famous murderer being arrested, he witnessed the generous side of detective work. The murderer was brought in by two detectives, and one of them said: "Our

duties are fulfilled by bringing you here, but, before you go inside, try one of these: I know you'll like them." With that he pulled out his cigar-case, and the



MR. THOMAS CATLING (LLOYD'S)

Photo by W. and D. Downey

four sat together smoking and chatting about general subjects. The criminal, who was convicted a short time afterwards, seemed the coolest of the quartet. Mr. Catling possesses a large family, the eldest son of which, Mr. Thomas Thurgood Catling, is now sub-editor of the paper. An all-round journalist, he is quite ready to succeed his father when occasion arises. *Lloyd's*, with its immense size and circulation, requires an extensive printing stock, and these are to be found in Salisbury Square, at a building which is stated to be the house where Richardson wrote "Pamela" and where Oliver Goldsmith acted as his reader.

Closely connected in every way with the Sunday newspaper world was Mr. Henry Sampson, who, under the well-known pseudonym of "Pendragon," founded the *Referee* in 1877 in conjunction with Mr. Ashton Wentworth Dilke, a brother of Sir Charles Dilke. Previous to his formation of the *Referee*, Mr. Sampson was prominently connected with the *Weekly Dispatch*, for which journal, under the name of "Pendragon," he wrote a weekly sporting article. This article became so popular that "Pendragon" decided to start a paper of his own, and he, with Mr. Dilke as capitalist, started

the well-known sporting and theatrical journal which now finds favour with so many Sunday readers. It at once obtained a circulation of over 200,000, which number, it was only to be expected, came off that of the *Dispatch*. The sale increased rapidly, and prominent writers were added to the staff, amongst whom may be mentioned first and foremost Mr. George R. Sims, who, as the author of the weekly "Mustard and Cress," is so eagerly read—his pseudonym being the famous "Dagonet"; Mr. George Spencer Edwards, who was responsible for most of the theatrical criticism; Mr. H. Chance Newton; and Mr. Richard Butler, who now fills the editorial chair with so much distinction. Both Richard Butler and George R. Sims were previously connected with *Fun*, then in the height of its popularity, and it goes without saying that their removal to the staff of the new paper added in no small way to its initial success.

Up to 1886, when he travelled, "Pendragon" always wrote the "Sporting Notions," a feature of the *Referee*, which he started and which is now a special column in its pages. He was succeeded in this department by Martin Cobbett,



MR. RICHARD BUTLER (REFEREE)

Photo by Walery

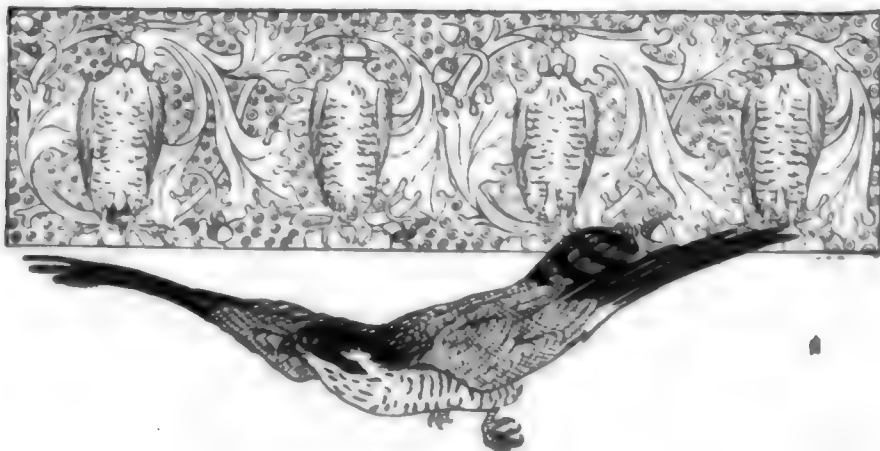
who has contributed the "Notions" ever since. Mr. Sampson also formulated the "Handbook," another prominent feature, and wrote that column till his death in May, 1891, when the work was taken up by Mr. J. F. Nisbet, the first

editor of the *Morning*. Richard Butler, who assumed the editorship in 1886, after six years of "subbing," is a most fluent writer, and his weekly "Musical and Dramatic Gossip," under the signature of "Carodos," is recognised as matter coming from a man who understands his business. In collaboration with H. Chance Newton, the joint authorship appearing under the one name of "Richard Henry," Mr. Butler has written a whole shoal of plays, chiefly of the burlesque order: *Monte Cristo, Junior*, which ran at the Gaiety for a considerable time, may be mentioned as a sample. He commenced life as a printer with Sampson; then they both joined *Fun*, and afterwards the *Referee*. By simply stating that Mr. Butler has had no real holiday for twenty years, the amount of work which he has got through is conveyed. The politics of the *Referee* may be put down as Liberal Unionist, though they were strong Gladstonian previous to the Home Rule split. It issued its one-thousandth number last October, and for so comparatively young a paper its success is extraordinary.

Another Sunday newspaper of recent establishment which has come well to the front is *The People*, promoted in 1881 for the furtherance of Conservatism among the working classes. For the first ten years it made but little headway, but subsequently gained ground at express speed. The present proprietors

are Sir George Armstrong and Mr. W. T. Madge, who are respectively the proprietor and the manager of the *Globe*. *The People* deals with the news of the past week in a pretty extensive fashion, the size of the paper at present being 16 pages and 100 columns. The present editor, Mr. Thomas Carlisle, was erstwhile a military man, and served in India for eighteen years as an officer in the 75th Regiment, holding several staff appointments. During his sojourn in India Mr. Carlisle was a prolific writer for the Anglo-India Press, and his first knowledge of journalism may be said to have begun there. In 1873 he joined the editorial staff of the *Globe*, and just ten years later became sole editor of *The People*, a position which he worthily fills now. As an occasional author Mr. Carlisle has done good work, and his novel, *Judith Gwynne*, achieved no little success. *The People*, there can be little doubt, is eagerly read by the working classes both in London and the suburbs.

There are other London Sunday papers—notably the *Sunday Times*, which was established in 1822, and enjoys a good circulation, especially amongst football enthusiasts, and the *Weekly Sun*, a literary and political organ edited by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.; but in giving the brief sketches of the most prominent, sufficient data is supplied for the reader to grasp the great progress which is being made in this branch of modern journalism.



The Fashions of the Month



FIG. 1

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris

TULLE or crêpe-de-chine robe (Fig. 1) embroidered with gold sequins and trimmed with white satin ribbon edged with narrow black ribbon velvet. The bodice is quaintly draped with many folds of chiffon or tulle, and fastened by an antique brooch.—WORTH.



FIG. 2
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris

Fig. 2 represents the fashionable gathered or smocked velvet, which is now so much the rage. The bodice is *à la Russe*, and has a waistband of satin falling in two sash ends at the back or side of the skirt.—WORTH.

This handsome visiting costume (Fig. 3) has a skirt exquisitely brocaded in iris of a bold yet delicate pattern.



FIG. 3
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris

The jacket, which is a modified Russian cut in the ubiquitous tabs, might be red with white revers; but, if this combination was too startling, dark blue might be substituted for the red. A lace cravat is a pretty finish, and the *tout ensemble* is crowned with a white felt *chapeau* trimmed with feathers and miroir velvet.—SŒURS CALLOT.

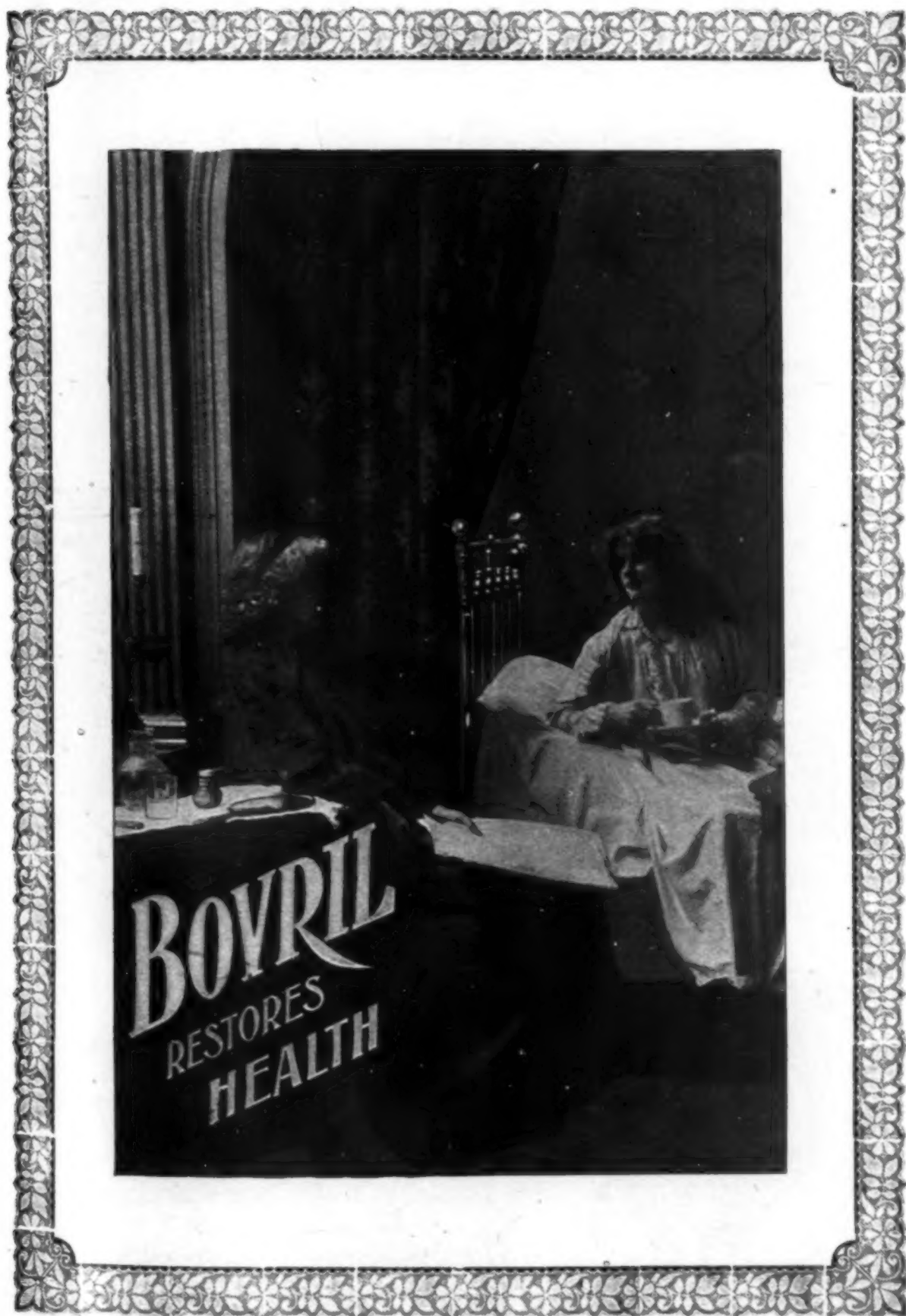




FIG. 4
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris



FIG. 5
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris



FIG. 6
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris



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Dinner gown of old gold (Fig. 4), the Medici collar, epaulettes, and long stole of Irish lace. The bolero is of velvet of the same shade, embroidered with pearls, the sleeves and pouched corsage of any heavy lace, but the gown itself is cut *à la Princesse*, as

The drapery falls in heavy folds in front. A girdle of ribbon passes loosely round the waist and under the wattle folds at the back.—DOUCET.

Cloth costume (Fig. 7) heavily braided with silk galon, the bodice being pouched and fastened at the side with two large



FIG. 7

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris

shown in the accompanying illustration.—SŒURS CALLOT.

A soft silk costume (Fig. 5), the skirt trimmed with two rows of insertion, the pouched bodice being alternate rows of tucks and guipure insertion. The waistband is of steel passementerie fastened with a jewelled buckle.—PAQUIN.

Peignoir of crêpe-de-chine (Fig. 6) trimmed with three small ruches of chiffon and a deep founce of guipure.



FIG. 8

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris

jewelled buttons. Small toque of violets and wings, and worn well to the left side of the head.—PAQUIN.

Evening dress (Fig. 8), the lower half of the skirt being accordion-pleated chiffon or tulle, the upper half and the sleeves being Cluny lace. The bodice is of draped silk in rather heavy folds, and trimmed on the left shoulder with a spray of flowers and clasped with diamond crescent.—PAQUIN.